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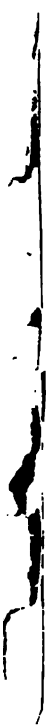

Allan Cunningham

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The MODERN Scottish Minstrel

BY

Charles Rogers. LL.D.
F. S. A. SCOT.

VOL. III.

ABBOTSFORD

Edinburgh
ADAM & CHARLES BLACK, NORTH BRIDGE.
Booksellers & Publishers to the Queen.

THE

MODERN SCOTTISH MINSTREL;

OR,

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND OF THE PAST HALF CENTURY.

WITH

Memoirs of the Poets,

AND

SKETCHES AND SPECIMENS
IN ENGLISH VERSE OF THE MOST CELEBRATED
MODERN GAELIC BARDS.

BY

CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D.,
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IN SIX VOLUMES.

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TO

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL

SIR JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER,

K.L.S., AND K.ST.J.,

A DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLER, A GALLANT OFFICER, AND

A PATRIOTIC SCOTSMAN,

THIS THIRD VOLUME

OF

The Modern Scottish Minstrel

IS DEDICATED,

WITH SENTIMENTS OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

BY

HIS VERY OBEDIENT, FAITHFUL SERVANT,

CHARLES ROGERS.

SCOTTISH AND HELLENIC MINSTRELSY:

An Essay.

By JAMES DONALDSON, A.M.

Men who compare themselves with their nearest neighbours are almost invariably conceited, speak boastingly of themselves, and disrespectfully of others. But if a man extend his survey, if he mingle largely with people whose feelings and opinions have been modified by quite different circumstances, the result is generally beneficial. The very act of accommodating his mind to foreign modes of thought expands his nature; and he becomes more liberal in his sentiments, more charitable in his construction of deeds, and more capable of perceiving real goodness under whatever shape it may present itself. So when a Scotsman criticises Scotch poetry viewed by itself alone, he is apt to be carried away by his patriotism,—he sees only the delightful side of the subject, and he ventures on assertions which flatter himself and his country at the expense of all other nations. If, however, we place the productions of our own country side by side with those of another, the excellences and the deficiencies of both are seen in stronger relief; the contrasts strike the mind,

and the heart is widened by sympathising with goodness and beauty diversely conceived and diversely portrayed. For this reason, we shall attempt a brief comparison of Hellenic and Scottish songs.

Before we enter on our characterisation of these, we must glance at the materials which we have to survey. Greek lyric poetry arose about the beginning of the eighth century before the Christian era, and continued in full bloom down to the time when it passed into drama on the Athenian stage. The names of the poets are universally known, and have become, indeed, almost part of our poetic language. Every one speaks of an Anacreon, a Sappho, and a Pindar; and the names of Archilochus, Alcman, Alcæus, Stesichorus, Simonides, Ibycus, and Bacchylides, if not so often used, are yet familiar to most. Few of these lyrists belonged to Greece proper. They belonged to Greece only in the sense in which the Greeks themselves used the word, as including all the colonies which had gone forth from the motherland. Most of the early Greek song-writers dwelt in Asia Minor—some were born in the islands of the Cyclades, and some in Southern Italy; but all of them were proud of their Greek origin, all of them were thorough Greeks in their hearts. It is only the later bards who were born and brought up on the Greek mainland, and most of these lived to see the day when almost all the lyric poets took their grandest flights in the choral odes of their dramas. These odes, however, do not fall within the province of our comparison. The lyrical efforts both of Æschylus and Sophocles were inwoven with the structure of their plays, the chorus in Æschylus being generally one of the actors; and they have their modern representatives, not in the songs of the people, but in the arias of operas.

Setting these aside, we have few genuine efforts of the Greek lyric muse belonging to the dramatic period—the most important being several songs sung by the Greeks at their banquets, which have fortunately been preserved. After this era, we have no lyric poems of the Greeks worth mentioning. The verse-writers took henceforth to epigrams—epigrams on everything on the face of the earth. These have been collected into the "Greek Anthology;" but the greater part of them are contemptible in a poetic point of view. They are interesting as throwing light on the times; but they are weak and vapid as expressions of the beatings of the human heart, and they are full of conceits. Besides these, there are the Anacreontic odes, known to all Greek scholars and to a great number of English, since they have been frequently translated. With one or two exceptions, they were all written between the third and twelfth centuries of the Christian era, though some scholars have boldly asserted that they were forgeries even of a later date. Most of them seem to be expansions of lines of Anacreon. They are in general neat, pretty, and gaysome, but tame and insincere. There is nothing like earnestness in them, nothing like genuine deep feeling; but thus they are all the more suited for a certain class of lovers and drinkers, who do not wish to be greatly moved by anything under the sun.

Scotch lyric poetry may be said to commence with the lyrics attributed to James I., or with those of Henryson. There is clear proof, indeed, that long before this time the Scotch were much given to song-making and song-singing; but of these early popular lilts, almost nothing remains. Henryson's lyrics, however, belonged more to the class that were intended to be read than to be sung, and this is true of a considerable number of his suc-

cessors, such as Dunbar, and Maitland of Lethington, who were learned men, and wrote with a learned air, even when writing for the people. The Reformation, as surely as it threw down every carved stone, shut up the mouth of every profane songster. Wedderburne's "Haly Ballats" may have been spared for a time by the iconoclasts, because they had helped to build up their own temple; but they could not survive long,—they were cast in a profane mould, they were sung to profane tunes, and away they must go into oblivion. Our song-writers, for a long time after, are unknown minstrels, who had no character to lose by making or singing profane songs,—they were of the people, and sang for them. So matters continued, until, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, Scottish songs began to be the rage both in England and Scotland, and an eager desire arose to gather up old snatches and preserve them. Henceforth Scotch poetry held up its head, and a few remarkable poets won their way into the hearts of large masses of the people. At last appeared the emancipator of Scottish song in the form of a ploughman, stirring the deepest feelings of all classes with songs that may be justly styled the best of all national popular songs, and for ever settling the claims of a song-writer to one of the highest niches in the temple of Fame.

The first thing that strikes us, on dipping into a book of Greek songs, and then a book of Scotch, is the different position of the poets. The Greek poet was regarded as a kind of superior being—an interpreter between gods and men; and, supposed to be under the special protection of Divinity, he was highly honoured and reverenced wherever he went. The Scotch bard, on the other hand, is a poor wanderer, whose name is unknown, who received little respect, and whose knowledge of God and

the higher purposes of life cannot be reckoned in any way great. There may be a few exceptions. We find nobles sometimes writing popular songs, and occasionally a learned man may have contributed strains; but these are generally not superior either in wit, pathos, or morality, to the verses of the unknown and hard-toiling. This striking contrast arises from a change that had taken place in the history of song. In Greece, all the teeming ideas of the fertile-minded people found expression in harmonious measures, and their songs touched every chord of their varied existence. This was partly owing to their innate love of melody, and partly to the public life which they led. From the earliest ages, they were fond of sweet sounds; and their continual public gatherings gave innumerable opportunities for using their vocal powers unitedly, and turning music to all its best and noblest purposes. They sang sacred songs as they marched in procession to their temples; and on entering, they hymned the praises of the gods. When they rushed on to battle, they shouted their inspiring war-songs; and if victory crowned the fight, the battle-field rang with their joyous pæans, and their poets tuned their lyres in honour of the brave that had fallen. A victor in the Olympic games would have lost one of his greatest rewards, if no poet had sung his fame. Then, in their banquets, the Greeks amused themselves in stringing together pretty verses, and joined in merry and jovial drinking-songs. If there happened to be a marriage, the young people assembled round the house, and late in the evening and early in the morning sang the praises of bride and bridegroom, prayed for blessings on the couple, and sometimes discussed the comparative blessedness of single and married life. Or if a notable person happened to die, his dirge was sung, and the poet

composed an encomium on him, full of wise reflections on destiny, and the fate that awaits all. There was, in fact, no public occasion which the Greeks did not beautify with song.

It is entirely different with us. Our minister now performs the function of the Greek poet at marriages and funerals. Our funeral sermons and newspaper paragraphs have taken the place of the Greek encomiums. Our fiddles or piano do duty instead of the Greek dithyrambs, hyporchems, and other dancing songs. Our warriors are either left unsung, or celebrated in verse that reads much better than it sings. The members of the "Benevolent Pugilistic Association" do not stand so high in the British opinion as the wrestlers of old stood in the Greek; and our jockeys have fallen frightfully from the grand position which the Greek racers occupied in the plains of Olympia. Very few in these days would think the champion of England, or the winner of the Derby, worth a noble ode full of old traditions and exalted religious aspirations. Through various causes, song has thus come to be very circumscribed in its limits, and to perform duty within a comparatively small sphere in modern life.

Indeed, song in these days does exactly what the Greeks rarely attempted: it concerns itself with private life, and especially with that most characteristic feature of modern private life—love. Love is, consequently, the main topic of Scottish song. It is a theme of which neither the song-writer nor the song-singer ever wearies. Is is the one great passion with which the universal modern mind sympathises, and from the expressions of which it quaffs inexhaustible delight. This holds true even of the cynical people who profess a distaste for love and lovers. For love has for them its comic side,—it

appears to them exquisitely humorous in the human weakness it causes and brings to light; and if they do not enjoy the song in its praise, they seldom fail to laugh heartily at the description of the plights into which it leads its devotees.

Perhaps no country contains a richer collection of love-songs than Scotland. We have a song for every phase of the motley-faced passion,—from its ludicrous aspect to its highest and most rapturous form. Every pulsation of the heart, as moved by love, has had its poetic expression; and we have lovers pouring out the depths of their souls to all kinds of maids, and in all kinds of situations. And maids are represented as bodying forth their feelings, also, under the sway of love. Many of these feminine lyrics are written by women themselves. Some of them exult in the full return which their love meets; but for the most part, it is a keen sorrow that forces women to poetic composition. They thus contribute our most pathetic songs—wails sometimes over blasted hopes and blighted love, as in "Waly, Waly;" or over the death of a deeply-loved one, as in Miss Blamire's "Waefu' Heart;" or over the loss of the brave who have fallen in battle, as in Miss Jane Elliot's "Flowers of the Forest."

Peculiarly characteristic of Scotland are the songs that describe the development of love, after the lovers have been married. Here the comical phase is most predominant. For the most part, the Scottish songster delights in describing the quarrels between the goodman and the goodwife—the goodwife in the early poems invariably succeeding in making John yield to her. Sometimes, however, there is a deeper and purer current of feeling, to which Burns especially has given expression. How intensely beautiful is the affection in "John Anderson, my Jo!" And we have in "Are ye sure the news is

true?" the whole character of a very loving wife brought out by a simple incident in her life,—the expected return of her husband. Some of these songs also have been written by poetesses, such as Lady Nairn's exquisite "Land of the Leal;" and really there is such delicacy, such minute accuracy in the portrayal of a woman's feelings in "Are ye sure the news is true?" that one cannot help thinking it must have been written by Jean Adams, or some woman, rather than by Mickle:—

> "His very foot has music in 't,
> As he comes up the stair."

What man has an ear so delicate as to hear such music?

The contrast between Grcek poetry and Scotch is very marked in this point. There is not one Greek lyric devoted to what we should designate love, with perhaps something like an exception in Alcman. In fact, while moderns rarely make a tragedy or comedy, a poem or novel, without some love-concern which is the pivot of the whole, all the great poems and dramas of the ancients revolve on entirely different passions. Love, such as we speak of, was of rather rare occurrence. Women were in such a low position, that it was a condescension to notice them,—there was no chivalrous feeling in regard to them; they were made to feel the dominion of their absolute lords and masters. Besides this, the greater number of them were confined to their private chambers, and seldom saw any man who was not nearly related. Those who were on free terms of intercourse with men, were for the most part strangers, whose morals were low, and who could not be expected to win the respectful esteem of true lovers. The men enjoyed the society of these—their tumbling, dancing, singing, and lively chat; but the distance was too great to permit that deep devo-

tion which characterises modern love. Moreover, when a Greek speaks of love, we have to remember that he fell in love as often with a male companion as with a woman —he admired the beauty of a fair youth, and he felt in his presence very much as a modern lover feels in the presence of his sweetheart. We have, therefore, to examine expressions of love cautiously. Anacreon says, for instance, that love clave him with an axe, like a smith; but it seems far more likely that the reference is to the affection excited by some charming youth.* We have a specimen remaining of the nonchalant style in which he addressed a woman, in the ode commencing "O Thracian mare!"—Schneidewin, Poet. Lyr. Anac. fr. 47.

The great poet of Love was not Anacreon, but Sappho, whose heart and mind were both of the finest. Her life is involved in obscurity, but it is probable that she was a strong advocate of woman's rights in her own land; and as she found men falling in love with other men, so she took special pains to win the affections of the young Æolian ladies, to train them in all the accomplishments suited to woman's nature, and to initiate them into the art of poetry,—that art without which, she says, a woman's memory would be for ever forgotten, and she would go to the house of Hades, to dwell with the shadowy dead, uncared for and unknown. We have two poems of hers which have come down to us tolerably complete, both, we think, addressed to some of her female friends, and both remarkably sweet, touching, and beautiful.

* Later writers attributed to Anacreon immoralities in Paiderastia of which they themselves were guilty, but of which there is not the slightest trace in him, or indeed in any of the early bards. Welcker (Sappho von einem herrschenden Vorurtheile befreit) has successfully defended the character of Sappho from the accusations of a later age, and it would be easy to do the same both for Alcæus and Anacreon.

The Scottish songs devoted to other subjects than love are few, and almost exclusively descriptive. Our sense of the humorous gives us a delight in queer and odd characters, in which the Greeks probably would not have participated. Though they had an abundance of wit, and a keen perception of the ridiculous, no songs have reached us which are intended to please by their pure absurdity and good-natured foolishness. Archilochus and Hipponax wrote many a jocular song; but the fun of the thing would have been lost, had the sting which they contained been extracted.

Nor do the Greeks seem to have cared much for descriptive songs. They frequently introduced their heroes into their odes, but these were ever living, ever present to their minds; and several of the songs written on particular occasions were probably sung when the singer had no connexion with the events. But they lived, like boys, too much in the present, to throw themselves back into the past. They wished to give utterance to the feelings of the moment in their own persons, and directly; while we are content to be mere listeners, and are often as much pleased by the occurrences of another's life as by the sentiments of our own hearts.

We are remarkably deficient in what are called class-songs. The Greeks had none of these, for there scarcely existed any classes but free and slave. The people were all one—had the same interests and the same emotions. There was far less of individuality with them than with us, and there was still less of that feeling which divides society into exclusive circles. A Greek turned his hand to anything that came in his way, while division of labour has reached its utmost limit among us. We can find, therefore, no contrast here between Greek and Scotch songs; but we find a very marked one between

Scotch and German. We have no student-songs, very few expressive of the feelings of soldiers (Lockhart's are almost the only), sailors, or of any other class.

Indeed, we are deficient not only in class-songs, but in social-songs. The Scotch propensity to indulge in drink is, unfortunately, notorious; and yet our drinking-songs of a really social nature would be comprised in a few pages. One sings of his coggie, as if he were in the custom of gulping his whisky all alone; many describe the boisterous carousals in which they made fools of themselves; not a few extol the power and properties of whisky, and incite to Bacchanalian pleasures; and we have several good songs suitable for singing at the close of an evening pleasantly spent, but almost none which express the feelings that naturally well-up when one sees his friends around him, becomes exhilarated through pleasant social intercourse, and finds the path of life smoothed and sweetened by the aid of his brothers.

The reason of this peculiar circumstance is not far to seek. It lies in the distinctive character of the two great classes into which the Scotch have been divided since the Reformation, called, at the early period of Scottish song, the Covenanters and the Cavaliers. The one party bowed before religion, most scrupulously abstained from all worldly pleasures, and regarded and denounced as sin, or something akin to it, every approach to levity or frivolity. The other party was a wild rebound from this. Sanctimoniousness was hateful in their eye; and not being able to find a medium, they abjured religion, and rushed into the pleasures of this life with headlong zest. The poets, in accordance with their joy-loving natures, allied themselves to the latter class. There was thus in Scotland a deep, dark gulf between the religious and the poetical or beautiful, which has not yet been

completely bridged over. The consequence is, that the elder Scottish songs, of all songs, contain the fewest references to the Divine Being. The name of God is never mentioned unless in the caricatures of the Covenanters; and a foreigner, taking up a book of Scottish songs written since the Reformation, and judging of the religion of the Scotch from them alone, would be prone to suppose that, if Scotland had any religion at all, it consisted in using the name of the devil occasionally with respect or with dread. The Cavaliers, in their most energetic moods, swore by him and by no other; while the Covenanters had no songs at all, scarcely any poetry of any kind, and doubtless would have regarded as impious the tracing of any but the most spiritual pleasures to God. The words, for instance, which Allan Cunningham puts into the mouth of a Covenanter, "I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie" (p. 17 of this volume), would still be regarded by many people as profane.

The case was the very opposite with the Greeks. Every joy, every sorrow, was traced to the gods. They almost never opened their lips without an allusion to their divinities. They sang their praises in their processions and in all their public ceremonials. Wine was a gift from a kind and beneficent god, to cheer their hearts and soothe the sorrows of life. And they delighted in invoking his presence, in celebrating his adventures, and in using moderately and piously the blessings which he bestowed on them. Then, again, when love seized them, it was a god that had taken possession of their minds. They at once recognised a superior power, and they worshipped him in song with heart and soul. In fact, whatever be the subject of song, the gods are recognised as the rulers of the destinies of men, and the causes of all their joys and sorrows. We cannot expect

such a strong infusion of the supernatural in modern lays, but still we have enough of it in German songs to form a remarkable contrast to Scotch. Take any German song-book, and you will immediately come upon a recognition of a higher power as the spring of our joys, and upon an expressed desire to use them, so as to bring us nearer one another, and to make us more honest, upright, happy, and contented men. Let this one verse, taken from a song of Schiller's, in singing which a German's heart is sure to glow, suffice :—

"Joy sparkles to us from the bowl!
Behold the juice, whose golden colour
To meekness melts the savage soul,
And gives despair a hero's valour!

"Up, brothers! Lo, we crown the cup!
Lo, the wine flashes to the brim!
Let the bright foam spring heavenward! 'Up!'
To THE GOOD SPIRIT—this glass TO HIM!

Chorus.

"Praised by the ever-whirling ring
Of stars and tuneful seraphim—
To THE GOOD SPIRIT—the Father-king
In heaven!—this glass to Him!" *

We meet with the contrast in the Reformers of the respective nations—Knox and Luther. Knox, ever stern, frowning on all the amusements of the palace and the people, and indifferent to every species of poetry; Luther, often drinking his mug of ale in a tavern, making and singing his tunes and songs, and though frequently

* Schiller's Poems and Ballads, by Bulwer, vol. ii., p. 122. The whole song should be read. Bulwer calls it a "Hymn to Joy," Schiller himself, simply, "To Joy."

enough tormented by devils, yet still ready to throw aside the cares of life for a while, and enjoy himself in hearty intercourse with the various classes of the people. Who would have expected the German Reformer to be the author of the couplet—

> "He who loves not women, wine, and song,
> Will be a fool his whole life long."

And yet he was. And his songs, sacred though most of them be, have a place in German song-books to this day.

Though Scottish songs seldom refer to a Divine Being, yet they are very far from being without their noble sentiments and inspirations. On the contrary, they have frequently sustained the moral life of a man. "Who dare measure in doubt," says William Thom in his "Recollections," "the restraining influences of these very songs? To us, they were all instead of sermons. . . . . Poets were indeed our priests. But for those, the last relict of our moral existence would have surely passed away!"

Yet there is a marked contrast between the very aims of Scottish and Greek song-writers. The Scottish wish merely to please, and consequently never concern themselves with any of the deeper subjects of this life or the life to come. There is seldom an allusion to death, or to any of the great realities that sternly meet the gaze of a contemplative man. There may be a few exceptions in the case of pious song-writers, like Lady Nairn; but even such poets are shy of making songs the vehicle of what is serious or profound. The Greeks, on the other hand, regarding their poets as inspired, expected from them the deepest wisdom, and in fact delighted in any verse which threw light on the great mysteries of life and death. Thus it happens that the remains of the Greek

lyric poets, especially the later, such as Simonides and Bacchylides, are principally of a deeply moral cast. The Greeks do not seem to have had the extravagant rage which now prevails for merely figurative language. They sought for truth itself, and the man became a poet who clothed living truths in the most appropriate and expressive words.

There is a remarkable contrast between the Scotch and Greeks in their historical songs. The lyric muse sings at great epochs, because then the deepest emotions of the human heart are roused. But since, in Greece, the states were small, and every emotion thrilled through all the free citizens, there was more of determined and unanimous feeling than with us, and consequently a greater desire to see the heroic deeds of themselves or their fellows wedded to verse. And then, too, the poet did not live apart; he was one of the people, a soldier and a citizen as well as others, and animated by exactly the same feelings, though with greater rapture. This is the reason why the Greeks abounded in songs in honour of their brave. At the time of the resistance to the Persian invasion, there was no end to the encomiums and pæans. Almost every individual hero was celebrated, and these songs were made by the acknowledged masters of the lyre, such as Æschylus and Simonides. With us, great deeds have to wait their poets. Distance of time must first throw around them a poetic hue; and after the hero has sunk unnoticed into a nameless grave, the bard showers his praises on him, and his worth is universally recognised. Or if his merits are discerned before his death, song is not one of the appointed organs through which our people demand that he should be praised. If a heroic action gets its poet, the people will listen; but if it pass unsung, none will regret it. Besides, we do

not discern the poetry of the present so strongly as the Greeks did. Everything with them seems to have been capable of finding its way into verse. Alcman delights in speaking of his porridge, and Alcæus of the various implements of war which adorned his hall. The real world in which the Greeks moved had the most powerful attraction for them. This is also, in a great measure, true of the unknown poets, who have contributed so much to Scottish minstrelsy in the days of the later Stuarts. There is no squeamishness about the introduction of realities, whatever they be; and the people took delight in a mere series of names skilfully strung together, or even in an enumeration of household articles or dishes.*

This pleasure in the contemplation of the actual things around us, is not nearly so great in modern cultivated minds. We are continually trying to get out of ourselves, to transport ourselves to other times, and to throw ourselves into bygone scenes and characters. Hence it is that almost all our best historical songs, written in these days, have their basis in the past; and the one which moves us most powerfully, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," actually carries us back to the times of Robert the Bruce.

It is rather singular that most of the Scottish songs which refer to our history, are essentially aristocratic, and favourable to the divine right of kings. The Covenanters—our true freemen—disdained the use of the poet's pen. They uttered none of their aspirations for freedom in song, and thus the Royalists had the whole field of song-writing to themselves. Such was the state of matters until Burns rose from amidst the people, and sang in his own grand way of the inherent dignity of man as

* There is a curious instance of this in the song, "The Blithesome Bridal."—Chambers's "Scottish Songs," p. 71.

man, and of the rights of labour. It is one of the frequent contradictions which we see in human nature, that the very same people who sing "A Man's a Man for a' that," and "Scots wha hae," mourn over the unfortunate fate of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and lament his disasters, as if his succession to the throne of Scotland would have been a blessing. Notwithstanding, however, what Burns has done, Scotland is still deficient in songs embodying her ardent love of freedom. Liberty and her blessings are still unsung. It was not so in Greece, especially in Athens. The whole city echoed with hymns in its praise, and the people wiled away their leisure in making little chants on the men who they fancied had given the death-blow to tyranny. The scolia of Callistratus, beginning, "I'll wreathe my sword in myrtle bow," are well known.

Few of the patriotic songs of the Greeks are extant, and it is probable that they were not so numerous as ours. Institutions had a more powerful hold on them than localities. They were proud of themselves as Greeks, and of their traditions; but wherever they wandered, they carried Greece with them, for they were part of Greece themselves. Thus we may account for the absence of Greek songs expressive of longing for their native land, and of attachment to their native soil. We, on the other hand, have very many patriotic songs, full of that warm enthusiasm which every Scotsman justly feels for his country, and containing frequently a much higher estimate of ourselves and our position than other nations would reckon true or fair. In these songs, we are exceedingly confined in our sympathies. The nationality is stronger than the humanity. We have no such songs as the German, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"

Perhaps there is no point in which the Greeks contrast with the Scotch and all moderns more strikingly than in their mode of describing nature. This contrast holds good only between the cultivated Greek and the cultivated modern; for the cultivated Greek and the uncultivated Scotsman are one in this respect. Perhaps we should state it most correctly, if we say that the Greek never pictures natural scenery with words—the modern often makes the attempt. There is no song like Burns's "Birks o' Aberfeldy," or even like the "Welcome to May"* of early Scottish poetry, in the Greek lyric poets. The Greek poet seizes one or two characteristic traits in which he himself finds pleasure; but his descriptions are not nicely shaded, minute, or calculated to bring the landscape before the mind's eye. No doubt, the Greek was led to this course by an instinct. For, first, his interest in inanimate nature was nothing as compared to his strong sympathies with man. He had not discovered that "God made the country, and man made the town." The gods, according to his notion, ruled the destinies of man, and every thought and device of man were inspirations from above. He saw infinitely more of deity in his fellow-men—in his and their pleasures, pursuits, and hopes—than in all the insentient things on the face of the earth; and consequently he clung to men. He delighted in representations of them; and in embodying his conceptions of the gods, he gave them the human form as the noblest and most beautiful of all forms. Nature was merely a background exquisitely beautiful, but not to be enjoyed without the presence of man. And, secondly, though the Greeks may not have enunciated the principle, that poetry is not the art suited for picturing nature, still

* Sibbald's "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry," vol. iii., p. 193.

they probably had an instinctive feeling of its truth. Poetry, as Lessing pointed out in his Laocoon, has the element of time in it, and is therefore inapplicable in the description of those things which, while composed of various parts, must be comprehended at one glance before the right impression is produced. Look how our modern poet goes to work! He has a fair scene before his fancy. He paints every part of it, with no reason why one part should be placed before another,—and as you read it, you have to piece each part together, as in a child's dissected map; and after you have constructed the whole out of the fragments, you have to imagine the effect. The Greek told you the effect at once,—he gave up the attempt to picture the scene in words. But when he had to deal with any part of nature that had life or motion in it—in fact, any element of time—then he was as minute as the most thorough Wordsworthian could wish. How admirably, for instance, does Homer describe the advance of a foam-crested wave, or the rush of a lion, the swoop of an eagle, or the trail of a serpent!

The Greeks were as much gladdened by the sight of flowers as moderns. Did they not use them continually on all festive occasions, public and private? But minuteness of detail was out of the question in poetry. The poet was not to play the painter or the naturalist. And it had not yet become the fashion to profess a mysterious inexpressible joy in the observation of natural scenery. Nor had men as yet retired from human society in disgust, or in search of freedom from sin, and betaken themselves to the love of pure inanimate objects instead of the love of sin-stained man. It had not yet become unlawful, as it did with the Arabs afterwards, to represent the human form in sculpture. Human nature was not looked on as so contemptible, that it

would be appropriate to represent human bodies writhing under gargoyles, as in Gothic churches, or beneath pillars, as in Stirling Palace. The human form was then considered diviner than the forms of lions or flowers.

In bold personification of natural objects, the Greeks could not be easily surpassed. In reality, it was not personification with them,—it was simply the result of the ideas they had formed regarding causation. If a river flowed down, fringed with flowery banks, they imagined there must be some cause for this, and so they summoned up before their fancy a beautiful river-god crowned with a garland. Even in the more common process of making nature pour back on us the sentiments we unconsciously lend her, the Greeks were very far from deficient. The passage in which Alcman describes the hills, and all the tribes of living things as asleep,* and the celebrated fragment of Simonides on Danae, where she says, "Let the deep sleep, let immeasurable evil sleep," are only two out of very many instances that might be quoted.

Perhaps the most marked instance of the poetic instinct of the Greeks, is their avoiding descriptions of personal beauty. Though they were permeated by the idea, and thrillingly sensitive to it, it is easier to tell what a Scotch poet regards as elements of beauty than what a Greek did. A beautiful person with the Greek is a beautiful person; and that is all he says about the matter. This is not true of the Anacreontics, or of the Latin poets. Now, in Scotland, again, there is little feeling of beauty of any kind. A Scottish boy wantonly mars a beautiful object for mere fun. There is not a

* Campbell has translated this fragment, but he has not retained the simplicity of the original.

monument set up, not a fine building or ornament, but will soon have a chip struck off it, if a Scotch boy can get near it. And the Scotsman, as a general matter, sees beauty nowhere except in a "bonnie lassie." Even then, when he comes to define what he thinks beautiful features, he is at fault, and there are songs in praise of the narrow waist, and other enormities—

"She 's backet like a peacock ;
She 's breasted like a swan ;
She 's jimp about the middle,
Her waist you weel may span—
Her waist you weel may span ;
And she has a rolling e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'd lay down my head and die."

It is needless to say that we are very far from having exhausted our subject. Few contrasts could be greater than that which exists between Greek and Scotch songs, and perhaps mainly for this reason, that Scotland has felt so very little of the influence of Greek literature. German poetry had its origin in a revived study of the great Greek classics; and such a study is the very thing required to give breadth to our character, and to supplement its most striking deficiencies.

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THE

MODERN SCOTTISH MINSTREL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM was born at Blackwood, in Nithside, Dumfriesshire, on the 7th December 1784. Of his ancestry, some account has been given in the memoir of his elder brother Thomas.* He was the fourth son of his parents, and from both of them inherited shrewdness and strong talent.† Receiving an ordinary elementary education at a school, taught by an enthusiastic Cameronian, he was apprenticed in his eleventh year to his eldest brother James as a stone-mason. His hours of

* See vol. ii., p. 223.

† Besides Thomas and Allan, the other members of the family afforded evidence of talent. James, the eldest son, with a limited education, was intimately familiar with general literature, and occasionally contributed to the periodicals. He began his career as a stone-mason, and by his ability and perseverance rose to the respectable position of a master builder. He died at Dalswinton, near Dumfries, on the 27th July 1832. John, the third brother, who died in early life, evinced a turn for mechanism, and wrote respectable verses. Peter, the fifth son, studied medicine, and became a surgeon in the navy; he still survives, resident at Greenwich, and is known as the author of two respectable works, bearing the titles, "Two Years in New South Wales," and "Hints to Australian Emigrants." Of the five daughters, one of whom only survives, all gave evidence of intellectual ability.

leisure were applied to mental improvement; he read diligently the considerable collection of books possessed by his father, and listened to the numerous legendary tales which his mother took delight in narrating at the family hearth. A native love for verse-making, which he possessed in common with his brother Thomas, was fostered and strengthened by his being early brought into personal contact with the poet Burns. In 1790, his father removed to Dalswinton, in the capacity of land-steward to Mr Miller, the proprietor, and Burns' farm of Ellisland lay on the opposite side of the Nith. The two families in consequence met very frequently; and Allan, though a mere boy, was sufficiently sagacious to appreciate the merits of the great bard. Though, at the period of Burns' death, in 1796, he was only twelve years old, the appearance and habits of the poet had left an indelible impression on his mind.

In his fifteenth year, Allan had the misfortune to lose his father, who had sunk to the grave under the pressure of poverty and misfortune; he thus became necessitated to assist in the general support of the family. At the age of eighteen he obtained the acquaintance of the Ettrick Shepherd; Hogg was then tending the flocks of Mr Harkness of Mitchelslack, in Nithsdale, and Cunningham, who had read some of his stray ballads, formed a high estimate of his genius. Along with his elder brother James, he paid a visit to the Shepherd one autumn afternoon on the great hill of Queensberry; and the circumstances of the meeting, Hogg has been at pains minutely to record. James Cunningham came forward and frankly addressed the Shepherd, asking if his name was Hogg, and at the same time supplying his own; he then introduced his brother Allan, who diffidently lagged behind, and proceeded to

assure the Shepherd that he had brought to see him "the greatest admirer he had on earth, and himself a young aspiring poet of some promise." Hogg warmly saluted his brother bard, and, taking both the strangers to his booth on the hill-side, the three spent the afternoon happily together, rejoicing over the viands of a small bag of provisions, and a bottle of milk, and another of whisky. Hogg often afterwards visited the Cunninghams at Dalswinton, and was forcibly struck with Allan's luxuriant though unpruned fancy. He had already written some ingenious imitations of Ossian, and of the elder Scottish bards.

On the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in 1805, Cunningham contrived to save twenty-four shillings of his wages to purchase it, and forthwith committed the poem to memory. On perusing the poem of "Marmion," his enthusiasm was boundless; he undertook a journey to Edinburgh that he might look upon the person of the illustrious author. In a manner sufficiently singular, his wish was realised. Passing and repassing in front of Scott's house in North Castle Street, he was noticed by a lady from the window of the adjoining house, who addressed him by name, and caused her servant to admit him. The lady was a person of some consideration from his native district, who had fixed her residence in the capital. He had just explained to her the object of his Edinburgh visit, when Scott made his appearance in the street. Passing his own door, he knocked at that of the house from the window of which his young admirer was anxiously gazing on his stalwart figure. As the lady of the house had not made Scott's acquaintance, she gently laid hold on Allan's arm, inducing him to be silent, to notice the result of the proceeding. Scott, in a reverie of thought,

had passed his own door; observing a number of children's bonnets in the lobby, he suddenly perceived his mistake, and, apologising to the servant, hastily withdrew.

Cunningham's elder brother Thomas, and his friend Hogg, were already contributors to the *Scots' Magazine.* Allan made offer of some poetical pieces to that periodical, which were accepted. He first appears in the magazine in 1807, under the signature of *Hidallan.* In 1809, Mr Cromek, the London engraver, visited Dumfries, in the course of collecting materials for his "Reliques of Robert Burns;" he was directed to Allan Cunningham, as one who, having known Burns personally, and being himself a poet, was likely to be useful in his researches. On forming his acquaintance, Cromek at once perceived his important acquisition with respect to his immediate object, but expressed a desire first to examine some of his own compositions. Allan acceded to the request, but received only a moderate share of praise from the pedantic antiquary. Cromek urged him to collect the elder minstrelsy of Nithsdale and Galloway as an exercise more profitable than the composition of verses. On returning to London, Cromek received from his young friend packets of "old songs," which called forth his warmest encomiums. He entreated him to come to London to push his fortune,—an invitation which was readily accepted. For some time Cunningham was an inmate of Cromek's house, when he was entrusted with passing through the press the materials which he had transmitted, with others collected from different sources; and which, formed into a volume, under the title of "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," were published in 1810 by Messrs Cadell and Davies. The work excited no inconsiderable attention, though most of the readers perceived, what Cromek had not even sus-

pected, that the greater part of the ballads were of modern origin. Cromek did not survive to be made cognizant of the amusing imposition which had been practised on his credulity.

Fortune did not smile on Cunningham's first entrance into business in London. He was compelled to resume his former occupation as a mason, and is said to have laid pavement in Newgate Street. From this humble position he rose to a situation in the studio of Bubb, the sculptor; and through the counsel of Eugenius Roche, the former editor of the "Literary Recreations," and then the conductor of *The Day* newspaper, he was induced to lay aside the trowel and undertake the duties of reporter to that journal. *The Day* soon falling into the hands of other proprietors, Cunningham felt his situation uncomfortable, and returned to his original vocation, attaching himself to Francis Chantrey, then a young sculptor just commencing business. Chantrey soon rose, and ultimately attained the summit of professional reputation; Cunningham continued by him as the superintendent of his establishment till the period of his death, long afterwards.

Devoted to business, and not unfrequently occupied in the studio from eight o'clock morning till six o'clock evening, Cunningham perseveringly followed the career of a poet and man of letters. In 1813, he published a volume of lyrics, entitled "Songs, chiefly in the Rural Language of Scotland." After an interval of nine years, sedulously improved by an ample course of reading, he produced in 1822 "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, a Dramatic Poem." In this work, which is much commended by Sir Walter Scott in the preface to the "Fortunes of Nigel," he depicts the manners and traditions he had seen and heard on the banks of the Nith. In 1819, he

began to contribute to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and from 1822 to 1824 wrote largely for the *London Magazine*. Two collected volumes of his contributions to these periodicals were afterwards published, under the title of "Traditional Tales." In 1825, he gave to the world "The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern, with an Introduction and Notes," in four volumes 8vo. This work abounds in much valuable and curious criticism. "Paul Jones," a romance in three volumes, was the product of 1826; it was eminently successful. A second romance from his pen, "Sir Michael Scott," published in 1828, in three volumes, did not succeed. "The Anniversary," a miscellany which appeared in the winter of that year, under his editorial superintendence, obtained an excellent reception. From 1829 to 1833, he produced for "Murray's Family Library" his most esteemed prose work, "The Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," in six volumes. "The Maid of Elvar," an epic poem in the Spenserian stanza, connected with the chivalrous enterprise displayed in the warfare between Scotland and England, during the reign of Henry VIII., was published in 1832. His admirable edition of the works of Robert Burns appeared in 1834, and 5000 copies were speedily sold.* In 1836, he published "Lord Roldan," a romance. From 1830 to 1834, he was a constant writer in *The Athenæum*, to which, among many interesting articles, he contributed his sentiments regarding the literary characters of the times, in a series of papers entitled "Literature of the Last Fifty Years."

* Writing to Mr Gabriel Neil of Glasgow, in January 1834, along with a copy of the first volume, Cunningham remarks, "I hope you will like the Life; a third of it is new, so are many of the anecdotes, and I am willing to stand or fall as an author by it." Mr Neil, it may be added, contributed to Cunningham a great deal of original information as to the life of the poet, and also some of his unpublished poems.

He wrote a series of prose descriptions for "Major's Cabinet Gallery," a "History of the Rise and Progress of the Fine Arts," for the "Popular Encyclopædia;" an introduction, and a few additional lives, for "Pilkington's Painters," and a life of Thomson for Tilt's illustrated edition of "The Seasons." He contemplated a great work, to be entitled "Lives of the British Poets," and this design,which he did not live to accomplish, is likely to be realised by his son, Mr Peter Cunningham. His last publication was the "Life of Sir David Wilkie," which he completed just two days before his death. He was suddenly seized with an apoplectic attack, and died after a brief illness on the 29th October 1842. His remains were interred in Kensal-green Cemetery. He had married, in July 1811, Miss Jane Walker of Preston Mill, near Dumfries, who still survives. Of a family of four sons and one daughter, three of the sons held military appointments in India, and the fourth, who fills a post in Somerset House, is well known for his contributions to literature.

Allan Cunningham ranks next to Hogg as a writer of Scottish song. He sung of the influences of beauty, and of the hills and vales of his own dear Scotland. His songs abound in warmth of expression, simplicity of sentiment, and luxuriousness of fancy. Of his skill as a Scottish poet, Hogg has thus testified his appreciation in the "Queen's Wake":—

> "Of the old elm his harp was made,
> That bent o'er Cluden's loneliest shade;
> No gilded sculpture round her flamed,
> For his own hand that harp had framed,
> In stolen hours, when, labour done,
> He stray'd to view the parting sun.
>
> . . . . .

That harp could make the matron stare,
Bristle the peasant's hoary hair,
Make patriot breasts with ardour glow,
And warrior pant to meet the foe;
And long by Nith the maidens young
Shall chant the strains their minstrel sung.
At ewe-bught, or at evening fold,
When resting on the daisied wold,
Combing their locks of waving gold,
Oft the fair group, enrapt, shall name
Their lost, their darling Cunninghame;
His was a song beloved in youth,
A tale of weir, a tale of truth."

As a prose writer, Cunningham was believed by Southey to have the best style ever attained by any one born north of the Tweed, Hume only excepted. His moral qualities were well appreciated by Sir Walter Scott, who commonly spoke of him as "Honest Allan." His person was broad and powerful, and his countenance wore a fine intelligence.

SHE 'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

SHE 's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
She 's gane to dwall in heaven:
"Ye 're owre pure," quo' the voice o' God,
"For dwalling out o' heaven!"

Oh, what 'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
Oh, what 'll she do in heaven?
She 'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
And make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,
Lowly there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I 'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I 'll follow thee;
Thou left me naught to covet ahin',
But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-cold face;
Thou seem'd a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of Heaven
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' Heaven,
That sang the evening psalm.

There 's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There 's naught but dust now mine;
My soul 's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'?

THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON MILL.

THE lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew was soft, the wind was lowne,
The gentle breath amang the flowers
Scarce stirr'd the thistle's tap o' down;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking owre the hill,
As I met amang the hawthorns green
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Her naked feet, amang the grass,
Seem'd like twa dew-gemm'd lilies fair;
Her brow shone comely 'mang her locks,
Dark curling owre her shoulders bare;

Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth;
Her lips had words and wit at will,
And heaven seem'd looking through her een,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, "Sweet lass, will ye gang wi' me,
Where blackcocks crow, and plovers cry?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
Six vales are lowing wi' my kye:
I have look'd lang for a weel-favour'd lass,
By Nithsdale's holmes an' mony a hill;"
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, "Sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie 's a kiss, and gang wi' me:"
A lovelier face, oh! never look'd up,
And the tears were drapping frae her e'e:
"I hae a lad, wha 's far awa',
That weel could win a woman's will;
My heart 's already fu' o' love,"
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

"Now wha is he wha could leave sic a lass,
To seek for love in a far countrie?"
Her tears drapp'd down like simmer dew:
I fain wad kiss'd them frae her e'e.
I took but ane o' her comely cheek;
"For pity's sake, kind sir, be still!
My heart is fu' o' ither love,"
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

She stretch'd to heaven her twa white hands,
And lifted up her watery e'e—
"Sae lang 's my heart kens aught o' God,
Or light is gladsome to my e'e;
While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,
Till my last drap o' blood be still,
My heart shall haud nae other love,"
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

There 's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
And Nith's romantic vale is fu';
By lanely Cluden's hermit stream
Dwells mony a gentle dame, I trow.
Oh, they are lights of a gladsome kind,
As ever shone on vale or hill;
But there 's a light puts them a' out,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

GANE WERE BUT THE WINTER CAULD.

GANE were but the winter cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw.

Cauld 's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death 's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither dear:
I 'll meet them baith in heaven,
At the spring o' the year.

IT 'S HAME, AND IT 'S HAME.

It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie;
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty 's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I 'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' its hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

There 's naught now frae ruin my country to save,
But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
And it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e:
"I 'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."
It 's hame, an' it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THERE lived a lass in Inverness,
She was the pride of a' the town;
Blithe as the lark on gowan-tap,
When frae the nest but newly flown.
At kirk she won the auld folks' love,
At dance she was the young men's een;
She was the blithest aye o' the blithe,
At wooster-trystes or Hallowe'en.

As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer-sun was sinking down;
Oh, there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town;
The gray-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying, (sad to see!)
"The flower o' the lads of Inverness
Lie dead upon Culloden-lee!"

She tore her haffet-links of gowd,
And dighted aye her comely e'e;
"My father's head 's on Carlisle wall,
At Preston sleep my brethren three!
I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
Mae tears could ever blin' my e'e;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
A dearer ane there couldna be!

"He trysted me o' love yestreen,
Of love-tokens he gave me three;
But he 's faulded i' the arms o' weir,
Oh, ne'er again to think o' me!

The forest flowers shall be my bed,
My food shall be the wild berrie,
The fa' o' the leaf shall co'er me cauld,
And wauken'd again I winna be."

Oh weep, oh weep, ye Scottish dames,
Weep till ye blin' a mither's e'e;
Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
But naked corses, sad to see.
Oh spring is blithesome to the year,
Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie;
But oh! what spring can raise them up,
That lie on dread Culloden-lee?

The hand o' God hung heavy here,
And lightly touch'd foul tyrannie;
It struck the righteous to the ground,
And lifted the destroyer hie.
"But there 's a day," quo' my God in prayer,
"When righteousness shall bear the gree;
I 'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
And wauken, in bliss, the gude man's e'e!"

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I hear a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE BONNIE BARK.

O COME, my bonnie bark!
O'er the waves let us go,
With thy neck like the swan,
And thy wings like the snow.
Spread thy plumes to the wind,
For a gentle one soon
Must welcome us home,
Ere the wane of the moon.

The proud oak that built thee
Was nursed in the dew,
Where my gentle one dwells,
And stately it grew.

I hew'd its beauty down;
Now it swims on the sea,
And wafts spice and perfume,
My fair one, to thee.

Oh, sweet, sweet's her voice,
As a low warbled tune;
And sweet, sweet her lips,
Like the rose-bud of June.
She looks to sea, and sighs,
As the foamy wave flows,
And treads on men's strength,
As in glory she goes.

Oh haste, my bonnie bark,
O'er the waves let us bound,
As the deer from the horn,
Or the hare from the hound.
Pluck down thy white plumes,
Sink thy keel in the sand,
Whene'er ye see my love,
And the wave of her hand.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou would aye be mine;

And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
That thou would aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that loose sic bands,
And the heart that would part sic love;
But there 's nae hand can loose my band
But the finger o' God above.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claithing e'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luve,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
Fu' safter than the down;
And luve wad winnow owre us his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly I 'll sleep, an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my love,
Come here and kneel wi' me;
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
And I canna pray without thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie;
Our gudeman leans owre his kale-yard dyke,
And a blithe auld bodie is he.
The Beuk maun be ta'en when the carle comes hame,
Wi' the holie psalmodie,
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

YOUNG ELIZA.*

COME, maid, upon yon mountain brow,
This day of rest I 'll give to you,
And clasp thy waist with many a vow,
My loved, my young Eliza.

'Tis not that cheek, that bosom bare,
That high arch'd eye, that long brown hair,
That fair form'd foot, thine angel air,—
But 'tis thy mind, Eliza.

Think not to charm me with thine eye,
Those smiling lips, that heaving sigh,
My heart 's charm'd with a nobler tie,—
It is thy mind, Eliza.

This heart, which every love could warm,
Which every pretty face could charm,
No more will beat the sweet alarm,
But to my young Eliza.

The peasant lad unyokes his car,
The star of even shines bright and far,
And lights me to the flood-torn scaur,
To meet my young Eliza.

There is the smile to please, where truth
And soft persuasion fills her mouth,
While warm with all the fire of youth,
She clasps me, young Eliza.

* This song, which is a juvenile production of the poet, has been communicated by his niece, Miss Pagan of Dumfries. The heroine of the song, Eliza Neilson, eldest daughter of the Reverend Mr Neilson of Kirkbean, still lives, and is resident in Dumfries.

My heart's blood warms in stronger flow,
My cheeks are tinged with redder glow,
When sober matron, Evening slow,
Bids me to meet Eliza.

The bard can kindle his soul to flame,
The patriot hunts a deathless name;
Give me the peasant's humble fame,
And give me young Eliza.

The warlock glen has tint its gloom,
The fairie burn the witching broom,
All wear a lovelier, sweeter bloom,
For there I meet Eliza.

Then come that mind, so finely form'd,
By native truth and virtue warm'd,
With love's soft simplest lay is charm'd,
Come to my breast, Eliza.

LOVELY WOMAN.*

I 'VE rock'd me on the giddy mast,
Through seas tempestuous foamin',
I 've braved the toil of mountain storm,
From dawning to the gloamin';

* This song appeared in the *London Magazine*, new edit., No. xxx. It was addressed to Mrs Pagan of Curriestanes, the poet's sister, who, it may be remarked, possessed a large share of the family talent. She died on the 5th February 1854, and her remains rest in the Pagan family's burying-ground, in Terregles' churchyard.

Round the green bosom'd earth, sea-swept,
In search of pleasure roamin',
And found the world a wilderness,
Without thee, lovely woman!

The farmer reaps his golden fields,
The merchant sweeps the ocean;
The soldier's steed, gore-fetlock'd, snorts
Through war-field's wild commotion;
All combat in eternal toil,
Mirk midnight, day, and gloamin',
To pleasure Heaven's divinest gift,
Thee, lovely, conquering woman!

The savage in the desert dark,
The monster's den exploring;
The sceptre-swaying prince, who rules
The nations round adoring;
Nay, even the laurell'd-templed bard
Dew-footed at the gloamin',
Melodious wooes the world's ear,
To please thee, lovely woman!

EBENEZER PICKEN.

EBENEZER PICKEN was the only son of a silk-weaver in Paisley, who bore the same Christian name. He was born at the *Well-meadow* of that town, about the year 1769. Intending to follow the profession of a clergyman, he proceeded to the University of Glasgow, which he attended during five or six sessions. With talents of a high order, he permitted an enthusiastic attachment to verse-making to interfere with his severer studies and retard his progress in learning. Contrary to the counsel of his father and other friends, he published, in 1788, while only in his nineteenth year, a thin octavo volume of poems; and afterwards gave to the gay intercourse of lovers of the muse, many precious hours which ought to have been applied to mental improvement. Early in 1791 he became teacher of a school at Falkirk; and on the 14th of April of the same year appeared at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, where he delivered an oration in blank verse on the comparative merits of Ramsay and Fergusson, assigning the pre-eminence to the former poet. In this debate his fellow-townsman and friend, Alexander Wilson, the future ornithologist, advocated in verse the merits of Fergusson; and the productions of both the youthful adventurers were printed in a pamphlet entitled the "Laurel Disputed." In occupying the position of schoolmaster at Falkirk, Picken proposed to raise funds to aid him in the prosecution of his theological studies; but the circumstance of his having formed a matrimonial union with a young lady,

a daughter of Mr Beveridge of the Burgher congregation in Falkirk, by involving him in the expenses of a family, proved fatal to his clerical aspirations. He accepted the situation of teacher of an endowed school at Carron, where he remained till 1796, when he removed to Edinburgh. In the capital he found employment as manager of a mercantile establishment, and afterwards on his own account commenced business as a draper. Unsuccessful in this branch of business, he subsequently sought a livelihood as a music-seller and a teacher of languages. In 1813, with the view of bettering his circumstances, he published, by subscription, two duodecimo volumes of "Poems and Songs," in which are included the pieces contained in his first published volume. His death took place in 1816.

Picken is remembered as a person of gentlemanly appearance, endeavouring to confront the pressure of unmitigated poverty. His dispositions were eminently social, and his love of poetry amounted to a passion. He is commemorated in the poetical works of his early friend, Wilson, who has addressed to him a lengthened poetical epistle. In 1818, a dictionary of Scottish words, which he had occupied some years in preparing, was published at Edinburgh by "James Sawers, Calton Street," and this publication was found of essential service by Dr Jamieson in the preparation of his "Supplement" to his "Dictionary of the Scottish Language." Among Picken's poetical compositions are a few pieces bearing the impress of genius.*

* Andrew Picken, the only son of Ebenezer, a person of somewhat unprepossessing appearance, contrived to derive a tolerable livelihood by following the conjunct occupation of an itinerant player and portrait-painter. He was the writer of some good poetry, and about 1827 published a respectable volume of verses, entitled, "The Bedouin, and other Poems." He soon afterwards proceeded to America.

PEGGIE WI' THE GLANCIN' E'E.

WALKIN' out ae mornin' early,
Ken ye wha I chanced to see?
But my lassie, gay and frisky,
Peggie wi' the glancin' e'e.
Phœbus, left the lap o' Thetis,
Fast was lickin' up the dew,
Whan, ayont a risin' hilloc,
First my Peggie came in view.

Hark ye, I gaed up to meet her;
But whane'er my face she saw,
Up her plaidin' coat she kiltit,
And in daffin' scour'd awa'.
Weel kent I that though my Peggie
Ran sae fast out owre the mead,
She was wantin' me to follow—
Yes, ye swains, an' sae I did.

At yon burnie I o'ertook her,
Whare the shinin' pebbles lie;
Whare the flowers, that fringe the border,
Soup the stream, that wimples by.
While wi' her I sat reclinin',
Frae her lips I staw a kiss;
While she blush'd, I took anither,—
Shepherds, was there ill in this?

Could a lass, sae sweet an' comely,
Ever bless a lover's arms?
Could the bonnie wife o' Vulcan
Ever boast o' hauf the charms?

While the zephyrs fan the meadows,
While the flow'rets crown the lea,
While they paint the gowden simmer,
Wha sae blest as her an' me?

WOO ME AGAIN.

TUNE—"*On a Primrosy Bank.*"

WHAN Jamie first woo'd me, he was but a youth:
Frae his lips flow'd the strains o' persuasion and truth;
His suit I rejected wi' pride an' disdain,
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He aft wad hae tauld me his love was sincere,
And e'en wad hae ventured to ca' me his dear:
My heart to his tale was as hard as a stane;
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He said that he hoped I would yield an' be kind,
But I counted his proffers as light as the wind;
I laugh'd at his grief, whan I heard him complain;
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He flatter'd my locks, that war black as a slae,
And praised my fine shape, frae the tap to the tae;
I flate, an' desired he wad let me alane;
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

Repulsed, he forsook me, an' left me to grieve,
An' mourn the sad hour that my swain took his leave;
Now, since I despised, an' was deaf to his maen,
I fear he 'll ne'er offer to woo me again!

Oh! wad he but now to his Jean be inclined,
My heart in a moment wad yield to his mind;
But I fear wi' some ither my laddie is taen,
An' sae he 'll ne'er offer to woo me again.

Ye bonnie young lasses, be warn'd by my fate,
Despise not the heart you may value too late;
Improve the sweet sunshine that now gilds the plain;
With you it may never be sunshine again.

The simmer o' life, ah! it soon flits awa',
An' the bloom on your cheek will soon dow in the snaw;
Oh! think, ere you treat a fond youth wi' disdain,
That, in age, the sweet flower never blossoms again.

STUART LEWIS.

STUART LEWIS, the mendicant bard, was the eldest son of an innkeeper at Ecclefechan in Annandale, where he was born about the year 1756. A zealous Jacobite, his father gave him the name of Stuart, in honour of Prince Charles Edward. At the parish school, taught by one Irving, an ingenious and learned person of eccentric habits, he received a respectable ground-work of education; but the early deprivation of his father, who died bankrupt, compelled him to relinquish the pursuit of learning. At the age of fifteen, with the view of aiding in the support of his widowed mother, with her destitute family of other five children, he accepted manual employment from a relation in the vicinity of Chester. Subsequently, along with a partner, he established himself as a merchant-tailor in the town of Chester, where he remained some years, when his partner absconded to America with a considerable amount, leaving him to meet the demands of the firm. Surrendering his effects to his creditors, he returned to his native place, almost penniless, and suffering mental depression from his misfortunes, which he recklessly sought to remove by the delusive remedy of the bottle. The habit of intemperance thus produced, became his scourge through life. At Ecclefechan he commenced business as a tailor, and married a young country girl, for whom he had formed a devoted attachment. He established a village library, and debating

club, became a diligent reader, a leader in every literary movement in the district, and a writer of poetry of some merit. A poem on the melancholy story of "Fair Helen of Kirkconnel," which he composed at this period, obtained a somewhat extensive popularity. To aid his finances, he became an itinerant seller of cloth,—a mode of life which gave him an opportunity of studying character, and visiting interesting scenery. The pressure of poverty afterwards induced him to enlist, as a recruit, in the Hopetoun Fencibles; and, in this humble position, he contrived to augment his scanty pay by composing acrostics and madrigals for the officers, who rewarded him with small gratuities. On the regiment being disbanded in 1799, he was entrusted by a merchant with the sale of goods, as a pedlar, in the west of England; but this employment ceased on his being robbed, while in a state of inebriety. Still descending in the social scale, he became an umbrella-maker in Manchester, while his wife was employed in some of the manufactories. Some other odd and irregular occupations were severally attempted without success, till at length, about his fiftieth year, he finally settled into the humble condition of a wandering poet. He composed verses on every variety of theme, and readily parted with his compositions for food or whisky. His field of wandering included the entire Lowlands, and he occasionally penetrated into Highland districts. In his wanderings he was accompanied by his wife, who, though a severe sufferer on his account, along with her family of five or six children, continued most devoted in her attachment to him. On her death, which took place in the Cowgate, Edinburgh, early in 1817, he became almost distracted, and never recovered his former composure. He now roamed wildly through the country,

seldom remaining more than one night in the same place. He finally returned to Dumfriesshire, his native county; and accidentally falling into the Nith, caught an inflammatory fever, of which he died, in the village of Ruthwell, on the 22d September 1818. Lewis was slender, and of low stature. His countenance was sharp, and his eye intelligent, though frenzied with excitement. He always expressed himself in the language of enthusiasm, despised prudence and common sense, and commended the impulsive and fanciful. He published, in 1816, a small volume, entitled "The African Slave; with other Poems and Songs." Some of his lyrics are not unworthy of a place in the national minstrelsy.

LANARK MILLS.

AIR—"*Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.*"

ADIEU! romantic banks of Clyde,
Where oft I 've spent the joyful day;
Now, weary wand'ring on thy side,
I pour the plaintive, joyless lay.
To other lands I 'm doom'd to rove,
The thought with grief my bosom fills;
Why am I forced to leave my love,
And wander far from Lanark Mills?

Can I forget th' ecstatic hours,
When ('scaped the village evening din)
I met my lass 'midst Braxfield bowers,
Or near the falls of Corhouse Linn!
While close I clasp'd her to my breast,
(Th' idea still with rapture thrills!)
I thought myself completely blest,
By all the lads of Lanark Mills.

Deceitful, dear, delusive dream,
Thou 'rt fled—alas! I know not where,
And vanish'd is each blissful gleam,
And left behind a load of care.
Adieu! dear winding banks of Clyde,
A long farewell, ye rising hills;
No more I 'll wander on your side,
Though still my heart 's at Lanark Mills.

While Tintock stands the pride of hills,
  While Clyde's dark stream rolls to the sea,
So long, my dear-loved Lanark Mills,
  May Heaven's best blessings smile on thee.
A last adieu! my Mary dear,
  The briny tear my eye distils;
While reason's powers continue clear,
  I 'll think of thee, and Lanark Mills.

O'ER THE MUIR.*

AE morn of May, when fields were gay,
  Serene and charming was the weather,
I chanced to roam some miles frae home,
  Far o'er yon muir, amang the heather.
    O'er the muir amang the heather,
    O'er the muir amang the heather,
    How healthsome 'tis to range the muirs,
    And brush the dew from vernal heather.

I walk'd along, and humm'd a song,
  My heart was light as ony feather,
And soon did pass a lovely lass,
  Was wading barefoot through the heather.

* The more popular words to the same tune and chorus, beginning, "Comin' through the Craigs o' Kyle," are believed, on the authority of Burns, to have been the composition of Jean Glover, a girl of respectable parentage, born at Kilmarnock in 1758, who became attached to a company of strolling players. Lewis is said to have claimed priority for his verses, and the point is not likely ever to be decided. This much may be said in favour of Lewis's claims, that he had long been the writer of respectable lyrics; while Jean Glover, though well skilled as a musician, is not otherwise known to have composed verses. One of the songs is evidently an echo of the other.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
The bonniest lass that e'er I saw
I met ae morn amang the heather.

Her eyes divine, mair bright did shine,
Than the most clear unclouded ether;
A fairer form did ne'er adorn
A brighter scene than blooming heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
There 's ne'er a lass in Scotia's isle,
Can vie with her amang the heather.

I said, "Dear maid, be not afraid;
Pray sit you down, let 's talk together;
For, oh! my fair, I vow and swear,
You 've stole my heart amang the heather."
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
Ye swains, beware of yonder muir,
You 'll lose your hearts amang the heather.

She answer'd me, right modestly,
"I go, kind sir, to seek my father,
Whose fleecy charge he tends at large,
On yon green hills beyond the heather."
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
Were I a king, thou shou'dst be mine,
Dear blooming maid, amang the heather.

Away she flew out of my view,
Her home or name I ne'er could gather,
But aye sin' syne I sigh and pine
For that sweet lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
While vital heat glows in my heart,
I'll love the lass amang the heather.

DAVID DRUMMOND.

DAVID DRUMMOND, author of "The Bonnie Lass o' Levenside," a song formerly of no inconsiderable popularity, was a native of Crieff, Perthshire. Along with his four brothers, he settled in Fifeshire, about the beginning of the century, having obtained the situation of clerk in the Kirkland works, near Leven. In 1812, he proceeded to India, and afterwards attained considerable wealth as the conductor of an academy and boarding establishment at Calcutta. A man of vigorous mind and respectable scholarship, he had early cultivated a taste for literature and poetry, and latterly became an extensive contributor to the public journals and periodical publications of Calcutta. The song with which his name has been chiefly associated, was composed during the period of his employment at the Kirkland works,—the heroine being Miss Wilson, daughter of the proprietor of Pirnie, near Leven, a young lady of great personal attractions, to whom he was devotedly attached. The sequel of his history, in connexion with this lady, forms the subject of a romance, in which he has been made to figure much to the injury of his fame. The correct version of this story, in which Drummond has been represented as faithless to the object of his former affections, we have received from a gentleman to whom the circumstances were intimately known. In con-

sequence of a proposal to become his wife, Miss Wilson sailed for Calcutta in 1816. On her arrival, she was kindly received by her affianced lover, who conducted her to the house of a respectable female friend, till arrangements might be completed for the nuptial ceremony. In the interval, she became desirous of withdrawing from her engagement; and Drummond, observing her coldness, offered to pay the expense of her passage back to Scotland. Meanwhile, she was seized with fever, of which she died. Report erroneously alleged that she had died of a broken heart on account of her lover being unfaithful, and hence the memory of poor Drummond has been most unjustly aspersed. Drummond died, at Calcutta, in 1845, about the age of seventy. He was much respected among a wide circle of friends and admirers. His personal appearance was unprepossessing, almost approaching to deformity,—a circumstance which may explain the ultimate hesitation of Miss Wilson to accept his hand. "The Bonnie Lass o' Levenside" was first printed, with the author's consent, though without acknowledgment, in a small volume of poems, by William Rankin, Leven, published in 1812. The authorship of the song was afterwards claimed by William Glass,* an obscure rhymster of the capital.

* Glass was a house-painter in Edinburgh; he ultimately became very dissipated, and died in circumstances of penury about 1840. He published, in 1811, "The Album, a Collection of Poems and Songs," 12mo; in 1814, "Scenes of Gloamin'," 12mo; and in 1816, a third volume, entitled "Songs of Edina." The last is dedicated, by permission, to the Duke of Gordon. In the "Scenes of Gloamin'," Glass has included the "Bonnie Lass o' Levenside," as a song of his own composition.

THE BONNIE LASS O' LEVENSIDE.

AIR—"*Up amang the Clifty Rocks.*"

How sweet are Leven's silver streams,
Around her banks the wild flowers blooming;
On every bush the warblers vie,
In strains of bosom-soothing joy.
But Leven's banks that bloom sae bra,
And Leven's streams that glide sae saucy,
Sic joy an' beauty couldna shaw,
An 't were not for my darling lassie;
Her presence fills them a' wi' pride,
The bonnie lass o' Levenside.

When sober eve begins her reign,
The little birds to cease their singing,
The flowers their beauty to renew,
Their bosoms bathe in diamond dew;
When far behind the Lomonds high,
The wheels of day are downwards rowing,
And a' the western closing sky
Wi' varied tints of glory lowing,
'Tis then my eager steps I guide,
To meet the lass o' Levenside.

The solemn sweetness nature spreads,
The kindly hour to bliss inviting,
Within our happy bosoms move,
The softest sigh o' purest love;

Reclined upon the velvet grass,
Beneath the balmy, birken blossom,
What words could a' my joy express,
When clasped to her beating bosom;
How swells my heart with rapture's tide,
When wi' the lass o' Levenside.

She never saw the splendid ball,
She never blazed in courtly grandeur,
But like her native lily's bloom,
She cheerfu' gilds her humble home;
The pert reply, the modish air,
To soothe the soul were never granted,
When modest sense and love are there,
The guise o' art may well be wanted;
O Fate! gi'e me to be my bride
The bonnie lass o' Levenside.

JAMES AFFLECK.

THE "Posthumous Poetical Works" of James Affleck, tailor in Biggar, with a memoir of his life by his son, were published at Edinburgh in 1836. Affleck was born in the village of Drummelzier, in Peeblesshire, on the 8th September 1776. His education was scanty; and after some years' occupation as a cowherd, he was apprenticed to a tailor in his native village. He afterwards prosecuted his trade in the parish of Crawfordjohn, and in the town of Ayr. In 1793, he established himself as master tailor in Biggar. Fond of society, he joined the district lodge of freemasons, and became a leading member of that fraternity. He composed verses for the entertainment of his friends, which he was induced to give to the world in two separate publications. He possessed considerable poetical talent, but his compositions are generally marked by the absence of refinement. The song selected for the present work is the most happy effort in his posthumous volume. His death took place at Biggar, on the 8th September 1835.

HOW BLEST WERE THE DAYS!

How blest were the days o' langsyne when a laddie!
Alane by a bush wi' my dog and my plaidie;
Nae fop was sae happy, though dress'd e'er sae gaudy,
Sae sweet were the days o' langsyne when a laddie.

Whiles croonin' my sonnet amang the whin bushes,
Whiles whistling wi' glee as I pou'd the green rashes;
The whim o' the moment kept me aye frae sorrow,
What I wanted at night was in prospect to-morrow.

The nest o' a lintie I fondly explored,
And plundering bykes was the game I adored;
My pleasures did vary, as I was unsteady,
Yet I always found something that pleased when a laddie.

The boy with great pleasure the butterfly chases;
When manhood approaches, the maid he embraces;
But view him at once baith the husband and daddie,
He fondly looks back to the joys o' a laddie.

When childhood was over my prospects were greater,
I tried to be happy, but, alas, foolish creature!
The sports of my youth were my sweetest employment—
Much sweetness in prospect embitters enjoyment.

But now I 'm grown auld, and wi' cares I 'm perplex'd,
How numerous the woes are by which I am vex'd!
I 'm tentin' the kye wi' my dog, staff, and plaidie;
How changed are the days since langsyne when a laddie!

JAMES STIRRAT.

JAMES STIRRAT was born in the village of Dalry, Ayrshire, on the 28th March 1781. His father was owner of several houses in the place, and was employed in business as a haberdasher. Young Stirrat was educated at the village school; in his 17th year, he composed verses which afforded some indication of power. Of a delicate constitution, he accepted the easy appointment of village postmaster. He died in March 1843, in his sixty-second year. Stirrat wrote much poetry, but never ventured on a publication. Several of his songs appeared at intervals in the public journals, the "Book of Scottish Song," and the "Contemporaries of Burns." The latter work contains a brief sketch of his life. He left a considerable number of MSS., which are now in the possession of a relative in Ayr. Possessed of a knowledge of music, he excelled in playing many of the national airs on the guitar. His dispositions were social, yet in society he seldom talked; among his associates, he frequently expressed his hope of posthumous fame. He was enthusiastic in his admiration of female beauty, but died unmarried.

HENRY.*

AIR—"*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*"

CAN my dearest Henry leave me?
Why, ah! why would he deceive me?
Whence this cold and cruel change,
That bids him thus forsake and grieve me?

Can he the hours of love forget,
The stolen hours I 'll mind for ever,
When down the burn we fondly met,
And aften vow'd we ne'er should sever?
Will my Henry then deceive me,
Faithless laddie, can he leave me?
Ne'er till now did fancy dream,
My dearest laddie sae would grieve me.

And will he then me aye forsake?
Must I for ever, ever lose him?
And can he leave this heart to break,
That swells and bursts within my bosom?
Never, Henry, could I leave thee,
Never could this heart deceive thee,
Why then, laddie, me forsake,
And sae wi' cruel absence grieve me?

* This song and that following are printed from the original MSS.

MARY.*

"In life's gay morn," when hopes beat high,
And youthfu' love's endearing tie
Gave rapture to the mutual sigh,
Within the arms of Mary,
My ain dear Mary;
Nae joys beneath the vaulted sky,
Could equal mine wi' Mary.

The sacred hours like moments flew,
Soft transports thrill'd my bosom through,
The warl' evanish'd frae my view
Within the arms of Mary,
My ain dear Mary;
Nae gloomy cares my soul e'er knew
Within the arms of Mary.

Young fancy spread her visions gay,
Love fondly view'd the fair display,
Hope shew'd the blissfu' nuptial day,
And I was rapt with Mary,
My ain dear Mary;
The flowers of Eden strew'd the way
That led me to my Mary.

But life is now a dreary waste,
I lanely wander sair depress'd,
For cold and lifeless is that breast
Where throbb'd the heart of Mary,
My ain dear Mary;
She 's gane to seats o' blissfu' rest,
And I hae lost my Mary.

* This song was set to music by R. A. Smith.

JOHN GRIEVE.

JOHN GRIEVE, whose name is especially worthy of commemoration as the generous friend of men of genius, was born at Dunfermline on the 12th September 1781. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Walter Grieve, minister of the Cameronian or Reformed Presbyterian church in that place; his mother, Jane Ballantyne, was the daughter of Mr George Ballantyne, tenant at Craig, in the vale of Yarrow. While he was very young, his father retired from the ministerial office, and fixed his residence at the villa of Cacrabank, in Ettrick. After an ordinary education at school, young Grieve became clerk to Mr Virtue, shipowner and wood-merchant in Alloa; and, early in 1801, obtained a situation in a bank at Greenock. He soon returned to Alloa, as the partner of his friend Mr Francis Bald, who had succeeded Mr Virtue in his business as a wood-merchant. On the death of Mr Bald, in 1804, he proceeded to Edinburgh to enter into copartnership with Mr Chalmers Izzet, hat-manufacturer on the North Bridge. The firm subsequently assumed, as a third partner, Mr Henry Scott, a native of Ettrick.

Eminently successful in business, Mr Grieve found considerable leisure for the cultivation of strong literary tastes. Though without pretension as a man of letters, he became reputed as a contributor to some of the more

respectable periodicals.* In his youth he had been a votary of the Muse, and some of his early lyrics he was prevailed on to publish anonymously in Hogg's "Forest Minstrel." The songs marked C., in the contents of that work, are from his pen. In the encouragement of men of genius he evinced a deep interest, affording them entertainment at his table, and privately contributing to the support of those whose circumstances were less fortunate. Towards the Ettrick Shepherd his beneficence was munificent. Along with his partner, Mr Scott, a man of kindred tastes and of ample generosity, he enabled Hogg to surmount the numerous difficulties which impeded his entrance into the world of letters. In different portions of his works, the Shepherd has gracefully recorded his gratitude to his benefactors. In his "Autobiography," after expressing the steadfast friendship he had experienced from Mr Grieve, he adds, "During the first six months that I resided in Edinburgh, I lived with him and his partner Mr Scott, who, on a longer acquaintance, became as firmly attached to me as Mr Grieve; and I believe as much so as to any other man alive. . . . In short, they would not suffer me to be obliged to any one but themselves for the value of a farthing; and without this sure support, I could never have fought my way in Edinburgh. I was fairly starved into it, and if it had not been for Messrs Grieve and Scott, would, in a very short time, have been starved out of it again." To Mr Grieve, Hogg afterwards dedicated his poem "Mador of the Moor;" and in the character of one of the com-

* In the "Key to the Chaldee MS.," he is described as the author of "The White Cottage, a Tale;" this was not written by him, but was the production of one More, a native of Berwickshire, whose literary aspirations he had promoted.

peting bards in the "Queen's Wake," he has thus depicted him:—

"The bard that night who foremost came
Was not enroll'd, nor known his name;
A youth he was of manly mould,
Gentle as lamb, as lion bold;
But his fair face, and forehead high,
Glow'd with intrusive modesty.
'Twas said by bank of southland stream
Glided his youth in soothing dream;
The harp he loved, and wont to stray
Far to the wilds and woods away,
And sing to brooks that gurgled by
Of maiden's form and maiden's eye;
That when this dream of youth was past,
Deep in the shade his harp he cast;
In busy life his cares beguiled,
His heart was true, and fortune smiled."

Affected with a disorder in the spine, Mr Grieve became incapacitated for business in his thirty-seventh year. In this condition he found an appropriate solace in literature; he made himself familiar with the modern languages, that he might form an acquaintance with the more esteemed continental authors. Retaining his usual cheerfulness, he still experienced satisfaction in intercourse with his friends; and to the close of his life, his pleasant cottage at Newington was the daily resort of the *savans* of the capital. Mr Grieve died unmarried on the 4th April 1836, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His remains were interred in the sequestered cemetery of St Mary's, in Yarrow. The few songs which he has written are composed in a vigorous style, and entitle him to rank among those whom he delighted to honour.*

* For a number of particulars in this memoir, we are indebted to our venerated friend Mr Alexander Bald, of Alloa.

CULLODEN; OR, LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

AIR—"*Fingal's Lament.*"

CULLODEN, on thy swarthy brow
Spring no wild flowers nor verdure fair;
Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
More than the freezing wintry air.
For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
And war's unhallow'd footsteps bore;
Thy deeds unholy, nature view'd,
Then fled, and cursed thee evermore.

From Beauly's wild and woodland glens,
How proudly Lovat's banners soar!
How fierce the plaided Highland clans
Rush onward with the broad claymore!
Those hearts that high with honour heave,
The volleying thunder there laid low;
Or scatter'd like the forest leaves,
When wintry winds begin to blow!

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel?
The braided plumes torn from thy brow,
What must thy haughty spirit feel,
When skulking like the mountain roe!
While wild birds chant from Locky's bowers,
On April eve, their loves and joys,
The Lord of Locky's loftiest towers
To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills that rose in view,
As o'er the deep his galley bore,
He often look'd and cried, "Adieu!
I'll never see Lochaber more!
Though now thy wounds I cannot feel,
My dear, my injured native land,
In other climes thy foe shall feel
The weight of Cameron's deadly brand.

"Land of proud hearts and mountains gray,
Where Fingal fought, and Ossian sung!
Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.
Where once they ruled and roam'd at will,
Free as their own dark mountain game,
Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
A longing for their father's fame.

"Shades of the mighty and the brave,
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell!
No trophies mark your common grave,
Nor dirges to your memory swell.
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has roll'd the tide of time;
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme."

LOVELY MARY.*

AIR—"*Gowd in gowpens.*"

I 'VE seen the lily of the wold,
I 've seen the opening marigold,
Their fairest hues at morn unfold,
But fairer is my Mary.
How sweet the fringe of mountain burn,
With opening flowers at spring's return!
How sweet the scent of flowery thorn!
But sweeter is my Mary.

Her heart is gentle, warm, and kind;
Her form 's not fairer than her mind;
Two sister beauties rarely join'd,
But join'd in lovely Mary.
As music from the distant steep,
As starlight on the silent deep,
So are my passions lull'd asleep
By love for bonnie Mary.

HER BLUE ROLLIN' E'E.

AIR—"*Banks of the Devon.*"

MY lassie is lovely, as May day adorning
Wi' gowans an' primroses ilka green lee;
Though sweet is the violet, new blown i' the morning,
As tender an' sweet is her blue rollin' e'e.

* This song was written during the author's first residence at Alloa. The heroine was Miss Mary Douglas, a young lady of great personal attractions, daughter of Captain Douglas, of the East India Company's Marine Service, who resided in the village of Sauchie, in the vicinity. She became the wife of a Mr Rhind, an Edinburgh gentleman, but died soon after her marriage. Her remains were brought for interment to the churchyard of Alloa.

O, say what is whiter than snaw on the mountain?
Or what wi' the red rose in beauty can vie?
Yes, whiter her bosom than snaw on the mountain,
An' bonnie her face as the red rose can be.

See yon lowly cottage that stands by the wild-wood,
Hedged round wi' the sweetbriar and green willow-tree,
'Twas yonder I spent the sweet hours of my childhood,
An' first felt the power of a love-rollin' e'e.
Though soon frae my hame an' my lassie I wander'd;
Though lang I 've been tossing on fortune's rough sea;
Aye dear was the valley where Ettrick meander'd;
Aye dear was the blink o' her blue-rollin' e'e.

Oh! for the evening, and oh! for the hour,
When down by yon greenwood she promised to be;
When quick as the summer-dew dries on the flower,
A' earthly affections and wishes wad flee.
Let Art and let Nature display their proud treasures;
Let Paradise boast o' what ance it could gie;
As high is my bliss, an' as sweet are my pleasures,
In the heart-melting blink o' my lassie's blue e'e.

CHARLES GRAY.

CHARLES GRAY was born at Anstruther-wester, on the 10th March 1782. He was the schoolfellow and early associate of Dr Thomas Chalmers, and Dr William Tennant, the author of "Anster Fair," who were both natives of Anstruther. He engaged for some years in a handicraft occupation; but in 1805, through the influence of Major-General Burn,* his maternal uncle, was fortunate in procuring a commission in the Woolwich division of the Royal Marines. In 1811 he published an octavo volume of "Poems and Songs," of which a second edition was called for at the end of three years. In 1813 he joined Tennant and some other local poets in establishing the "Musomanik Society of Anstruther,"—an association which existed about four years, and gave to the world a collection of respectable verses.† After thirty-six years' active service in the Royal Marines, he was enabled to retire in 1841, on a Captain's full pay. He now established his head-quarters in Edinburgh, where he cultivated the society of lovers of Scottish song. In 1841, in compliance with the wishes

* A memoir of this estimable individual, chiefly from materials found in his Diary, has been published by the London Tract Society.

† This volume of the merry Anstruther rhymers is entitled "Bouts-Rimés, or Poetical Pastimes of a few Hobblers round the base of Parnassus;" it is dedicated "To the Lovers of Rhyme, Fun, and Good-Fellowship throughout the British Empire."

of numerous friends, expressed in the form of a *Round Robin*, he published a second volume of verses, with the title of "Lays and Lyrics." This work appeared in elegant duodecimo, illustrated with engravings of the author's portrait and of his birthplace. In the *Glasgow Citizen* newspaper, he subsequently published "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," which have been copiously quoted by Mr Farquhar Graham, in his edition of the "Songs of Scotland."

Of cheerful and amiable dispositions, Captain Gray was much cherished by his friends. Intimately acquainted with the productions of the modern Scottish poets, he took delight in discussing their merits; and he enlivened the social circle by singing his favourite songs. Of his lyrical compositions, those selected for this work have deservedly attained popularity. An ardent admirer of Burns, he was led to imitate the style of the great national bard. In person he was of low stature; his gray weather-beaten countenance wore a constant smile. He died, after a period of declining health, on the 13th April 1851. He married early in life, and his only son is now a Captain of Marines.

MAGGIE LAUDER.*

THE cantie Spring scarce rear'd her head,
And Winter yet did blaud her,
When the Ranter came to Anster fair,
And speir'd for Maggie Lauder;
A snug wee house in the East Green,†
Its shelter kindly lent her;
Wi' canty ingle, clean hearth-stane,
Meg welcomed Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
And to the kirk they ranted;
He play'd the auld "East Nook o' Fife;"
And merry Maggie vaunted,
That Hab himsel' ne'er play'd a spring,
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring—
And wha 's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk and loud reports,
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves a true and carefu' wife,
As ever was in Anster;

* These stanzas are an appropriate addition to the well-known song of "Maggie Lauder," composed by Francis Semple, about 1660.

† The *East Green* of Anstruther is now a low street connecting the town with the adjoining village of Cellardyke. The site of Maggie Lauder's house,—which is said to have been a cot of one storey,—is pointed out in a small garden opposite a tannery, and on the north side of the street. Maggie Lauder is the heroine of Dr Tennant's poem of "Anster Fair."

And since the marriage-knot was tied,
Rob swears he coudna want her;
For he loves Maggie as his life,
And Meg loves Rob the Ranter.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

O CHARLIE is my darling,
My darling, my darling;
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier!

When first his standard caught the eye,
His pibroch met the ear,
Our hearts were light, our hopes were high
For the young Chevalier.
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

The plaided chiefs cam frae afar,
Nae doubts their bosoms steir;
They nobly drew the sword for war
And the young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

But he wha trusts to fortune's smile
Has meikle cause to fear;
She blinket blithe but to beguile
The young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

O dark Culloden—fatal field!
Fell source o' mony a tear;
There Albyn tint her sword and shield,
And the young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

Now Scotland's "flowers are wede away;"
Her forest trees are sere;
Her Royal Oak is gane for aye,
The young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling;
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

THE BLACK-E'ED LASSIE.*

AIR—"*My only Jo and Dearie O!*"

Wi' heart sincere I love thee, Bell,
But dinna ye be saucy, O!
Or a' my love I winna tell
To thee, my black-e'ed lassie, O!
It 's no thy cheek o' rosy hue,
It 's no thy little cherrie mou';
Its a' because thy heart 's sae true,
My bonnie black-e'ed lassie, O!

It 's no the witch-glance o' thy e'e,
Though few for that surpass ye, O!
That maks ye aye sae dear to me,
My bonnie black-e'ed lassie, O!

* The heroine of this song subsequently became the author's wife.

It 's no the whiteness o' thy skin,
It 's no love's dimple on thy chin;
Its a' thy modest worth within,
My bonnie black-e'ed lassie, O!

Ye smile sae sweet, ye look sae kind,
That a' wish to caress ye, O!
But O! how I admire thy mind,
My bonnie black-e'ed lassie, O!
I 've seen thine e'en like crystal clear,
Shine dimly through soft pity's tear;
These are the charms that mak thee dear,
To me, my black-e'ed lassie, O!

GRIM WINTER WAS HOWLIN'.

AIR—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"

GRIM winter was howlin' owre muir and owre mountain,
And bleak blew the wind on the wild stormy sea;
The cauld frost had lock'd up each riv'let and fountain,
As I took the dreich road that leads north to Dundee.
Though a' round was dreary, my heart was fu' cheerie,
And cantie I sung as the bird on the tree;
For when the heart 's light, the feet winna soon weary,
Though ane should gang further than bonnie Dundee!

Arrived at the banks o' sweet Tay's flowin' river,
I look'd, as it rapidly row'd to the sea;
And fancy, whose fond dream still pleases me ever,
Beguiled the lone passage to bonnie Dundee.

There, glowrin' about, I saw in his station
Ilk bodie as eydent as midsummer bee;
When fair stood a mark, on the face o' creation,
The lovely young Peggy, the pride o' Dundee!

O! aye since the time I first saw this sweet lassie,
I 'm listless, I 'm restless, wherever I be;
I 'm dowie, and donnart, and aften ca'd saucy;
They kenna its a' for the lass o' Dundee!
O! lang may her guardians be virtue and honour;
Though anither may wed her, yet well may she be;
And blessin's in plenty be shower'd down upon her—
The lovely young Peggie, the pride o' Dundee!

JOHN FINLAY.

JOHN FINLAY, a short-lived poet of much promise, was born at Glasgow in 1782. His parents were in humble circumstances, but they contrived to afford him the advantages of a good education. From the academy of Mr Hall, an efficient teacher in the city, he was sent, in his fourteenth year, to the University. There he distinguished himself both in the literary and philosophical classes; he became intimately acquainted with the Latin and Greek classics, and wrote elegant essays on the subjects prescribed. His poetical talents first appeared in the composition of odes on classical subjects, which were distinguished alike by power of thought and smoothness of versification. In 1802, while still pursuing his studies at college, he published a volume entitled "Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie, with other Poems," of which a second edition* appeared, with considerable additions. Soon after, he published an edition of Blair's "Grave," with many excellent notes; produced a learned life of Cervantes; and superintended the publication of a new edition of Smith's "Wealth of Nations." In the hope of procuring a situation in one of the public offices, he proceeded to London in 1807, where he contributed many learned articles, particularly on antiquarian subjects, to different periodicals. Disappointed in obtaining a suit-

* A third edition was published at Glasgow, by R. Chapman, in 1817.

able post in the metropolis, he returned to Glasgow in 1808; and the same year published, in two duodecimo volumes, a collection of "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads." This work is chiefly valuable from some interesting notes, and an ingenious preliminary dissertation on early romantic composition in Scotland. About this period, Professor Richardson, of Glasgow, himself an elegant poet, offered him the advance of sufficient capital to enable him to obtain a share in a printing establishment, and undertook to secure for the firm the appointment of printers to the University; he declined, however, to undergo the risk implied in this adventure. Again entertaining the hope of procuring a situation in London, he left Glasgow towards the close of 1810, with the intention of visiting his college friend, Mr Wilson, at Elleray, in Cumberland, to consult with him on the subject of his views. He only reached the distance of Moffat; he was there struck with an apoplectic seizure, which, after a brief illness, terminated his hopeful career, in the 28th year of his age. His remains were interred in the churchyard of Moffat. Possessed of a fine genius, extensive scholarship, and an amiable heart, John Finlay, had he been spared, would have adorned the literature of his country. He entertained worthy aspirations, and was amply qualified for success; for his energies were coextensive with his intellectual gifts. At the period of his death, he was meditating a continuation of Warton's History of Poetry. His best production is the poem of "Wallace," written in his nineteenth year; though not free from defects, it contains many admirable descriptions of external nature, and displays much vigour of versification. His lyrics are few, but these merit a place in the minstrelsy of his country.

O! COME WITH ME.

TUNE—"*Roslin Castle.*"

O! come with me, for the queen of night
Is throned on high in her beauty bright:
'Tis now the silent hour of even,
When all is still in earth an' heaven;
The cold flowers which the valleys strew
Are sparking bright wi' pearly dew,
And hush'd is e'en the bee's soft hum,
Then come with me, sweet Mary, come.

The opening blue-bell—Scotland's pride—
In heaven's pure azure deeply dyed;
The daisy meek frae the dewy dale,
The wild thyme, and the primrose pale,
Wi' the lily frae the glassy lake,
Of these a fragrant wreath I 'll make,
And bind them 'mid the locks that flow
In rich luxuriance from thy brow.

O, love, without thee, what were life?
A bustling scene of care and strife;
A waste, where no green flowery glade
Is found for shelter or for shade.
But cheer'd by thee, the griefs we share
We can with calm composure bear;
For the darkest nicht o' care and toil.
Is bricht when blest by woman's smile.

'TIS NOT THE ROSE UPON THE CHEEK.

'Tis not the rose upon the cheek,
Nor eyes in langour soft that roll,
That fix the lover's timid glance,
And fire his wilder'd soul.

But 'tis the eye that swims in tears,
Diffusing soft a joy all holy;
So soothing to the heart of love,
And yet so melancholy.

The note that falters on the tongue,
Sweet as the dying voice of eve,
That calms the throbbing breast of pain,
Yet makes it love to grieve!

The hand, alternate fiery warm
And icy cold, the bursting sigh,
The look that hopes, yet seems to fear,
Pale cheek and burning eye.

These, these the magic circle twine,
The lover's thoughts and feelings seize;
'Till scarce a son of earth he seems,
But lives in what he sees.

I HEARD THE EVENING LINNET'S VOICE.

AIR—"*Gramachree.*"

I HEARD the evening linnet's voice the woodland tufts among,
Yet sweeter were the tender woes of Isabella's song;
So soft into the ear they steal, so soft into the soul,
The deep'ning pain of love they soothe, and sorrow's pang control.

I look'd upon the pure brook that murmur'd through the glade,
And mingled in the melody that Isabella made;
Yet purer was the residence of Isabella's heart,
Above the reach of pride and guile, above the reach of art.

I look'd upon the azure of the deep unclouded sky,
Yet clearer was the blue serene of Isabella's eye;
Ne'er softer fell the rain-drop of the first relenting year,
Than falls from Isabella's eye the pity-melted tear.

All this my fancy prompted, ere a sigh of sorrow proved,
How hopelessly, yet faithfully, and tenderly I loved!
Yet though bereft of hope I love, still will I love the more,
As distance binds the exile's heart to his dear native shore.

OH! DEAR WERE THE JOYS.

AIR—"*Here 's a health to ane I love dear.*"

OH! dear were the joys that are past!
Oh! dear were the joys that are past!
Inconstant thou art, as the dew of the morn,
Or a cloud of the night on the blast!

How dear was the breath of the eve,
When bearing thy fond faithless sigh!
And the moonbeam how dear that betray'd
The love that illumined thine eye!

Thou vow'dst in my arms to be mine,
Thou swar'st by the moon's sacred light;
But dark roll'd a cloud o'er the sky,
It hid the pale queen of the night.

Thou hast broken thy plighted faith,
And broken a fond lover's heart;
Yes! in winter the moon's fleeting ray
I would trust more than thee and thy art!

I am wretched to think on the past—
Even hope now my peace cannot save;
Thou hast given to my rival thy hand,
But me thou hast doom'd to my grave.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON, known as the Galloway poet, was born at Tannymaus, in the parish of Borgue, on the 15th August 1782. His father followed the occupation of a carrier; he subsequently took a farm, and finally kept a tavern. Of a family of eight children, William was the youngest; he inherited a love of poetry from his mother, a woman of much intelligence. Early sent to school, impaired eyesight interfered with his progress in learning. Disqualified by his imperfect vision from engaging in manual labour, he chose the business of pedlar or travelling merchant. In the course of his wanderings he composed verses, which, sung at the various homesteads he visited with his wares, became popular. Having submitted some of his poetical compositions to Dr Duncan of Ruthwell, and Dr Alexander Murray, the famous philologist, these gentlemen commended his attempting a publication. In the course of a personal canvass, he procured 1500 subscribers; and in 1814 appeared as the author of "Tales in Verse, and Miscellaneous Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Manners," Edinburgh, 12mo. By the publication he realised £100, but this sum was diminished by certain imprudent excesses. With the balance, he republished some tracts on the subject of Universal Redemption, which exhausted the remainder of his profits. In 1826

he proceeded to London, where he was kindly entertained by Allan Cunningham and other distinguished countrymen. On his return to Galloway, he was engaged for a short time as assistant to a cattle-driver. In 1828, he published a second edition of his poems, which was dedicated to Henry, now Lord Brougham, and to which was prefixed a humorous narrative of his life by Mr Macdiarmid. Latterly, Nicholson assumed the character of a gaberlunzie; he played at merrymakings on his bagpipes, for snuff and whisky. For sometime his headquarters were at Howford, in the parish of Tongland; he ultimately was kept by the Poors' Board at Kirk-Andrews, in his native parish. He died at Brigend of Borgue, on the 16th May 1849. He was rather above the middle size, and well formed. His countenance was peculiarly marked, and his eyes were concealed by his bushy eye-brows and long brown hair. As a poet and song-writer he claims a place in the national minstrelsy, which the irregular habits of his life will not forfeit. The longest poem in his published volume, entitled "The Country Lass," in the same measure as the "Queen's Wake," contains much simple and graphic delineation of life; while the ballad of "The Brownie of Blednoch," has passages of singular power. His songs are true to nature.

THE BRAES OF GALLOWAY.

TUNE—"*White Cockade.*"

O LASSIE, wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave thy friens i' th' south countrie—
Thy former friens and sweethearts a',
And gang wi' me to Gallowa'?
O Gallowa' braes they wave wi' broom,
And heather-bells in bonnie bloom;
There 's lordly seats, and livins braw,
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'!

There 's stately woods on mony a brae,
Where burns and birds in concert play;
The waukrife echo answers a',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

The simmer shiel I 'll build for thee
Alang the bonnie banks o' Dee,
Half circlin' roun' my father's ha',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

When autumn waves her flowin' horn,
And fields o' gowden grain are shorn,
I 'll busk thee fine, in pearlins braw,
To join the dance in Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

At e'en, whan darkness shrouds the sight,
And lanely, langsome is the night,
Wi' tentie care my pipes I 'll thraw,
Play "A' the way to Gallowa'."
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

Should fickle fortune on us frown,
Nae lack o' gear our love should drown;
Content should shield our haddin' sma',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
Come while the blossom 's on the broom,
And heather bells sae bonnie bloom;
Come let us be the happiest twa
On a' the braes o' Gallowa'!

THE HILLS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE—"*Ewe Bughts, Marion.*"

WILL ye go to the Highlan's, my Mary,
And visit our haughs and our glens?
There 's beauty 'mang hills o' the Highlan's,
That lassie i' th' Lowlands ne'er kens.

'Tis true we 've few cowslips or roses,
Nae lilies grow wild on the lea;
But the heather its sweet scent discloses,
And the daisy 's as sweet to the e'e.

See yon far heathy hills, whare they 're risin',
Whose summits are shaded wi' blue;
There the fleet mountain roes they are lyin',
Or feedin' their fawns, love, for you.

Right sweet are our scenes i' the gloamin',
Whan shepherds return frae the hill,
Aroun' by the banks o' Loch Lomon',
While bagpipes are soundin' sae shrill.

Right sweet is the low-setting sunbeams,
That points owre the quivering stream;
But sweeter the smiles o' my Mary,
And kinder the blinks o' her een.

THE BANKS OF TARF.

TUNE—"*Sin' my Uncle 's dead.*"

WHERE windin' Tarf, by broomy knowes
Wi' siller waves to saut sea rows;
And mony a greenwood cluster grows,
And harebells bloomin' bonnie, O!
Below a spreadin' hazle lea,
Fu' snugly hid whare nane could see,
While blinkin' love beam'd frae her e'e,
I met my bonnie Annie, O!

Her neck was o' the snaw-drap hue,
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew;
But O! her e'e, o' azure blue,
Was past expression bonnie, O!

Like threads o' gowd her flowin' hair,
That lightly wanton'd wi' the air;
But vain were a' my rhymin' ware
To tell the charms o' Annie, O!

While smilin' in my arms she lay,
She whisperin' in my ear did say,
"Oh, how could I survive the day,
Should you prove fause, my Tammie, O?"
"While spangled fish glide to the main,
While Scotlan's braes shall wave wi' grain,
Till this fond heart shall break wi' pain,
I 'll aye be true to Annie, O!"

The Beltan winds blew loud and lang,
And ripplin' raised the spray alang;
We cheerfu' sat, and cheerfu' sang,
The banks of Tarf are bonnie, O!
Though sweet is spring, whan young and gay,
And blithe the blinks o' summer day;
I fear nae winter cauld and blae,
If blest wi' love and Annie, O!

O! WILL YE GO TO YON BURN SIDE.

TUNE—*"Will ye walk the woods with me?"*

O! WILL ye go to yon burn side,
Amang the new-made hay;
And sport upon the flowery swaird,
My ain dear May?

The sun blinks blithe on yon burn side,
Whar lambkins lightly play,
The wild bird whistles to his mate,
My ain dear May.

The waving woods, wi' mantle green,
Shall shield us in the bower,
Whare I 'll pu' a posy for my May,
O' mony a bonnie flower.
My father maws ayont the burn,
My mammy spins at hame;
And should they see thee here wi' me,
I 'd better been my lane.

The lightsome lammie little kens
What troubles it await—
Whan ance the flush o' spring is o'er,
The fause bird lea'es its mate.
The flowers will fade, the woods decay,
And lose their bonnie green;
The sun wi' clouds may be o'ercast,
Before that it be e'en.

Ilk thing is in its season sweet;
So love is in its noon:
But cankering time may soil the flower,
And spoil its bonnie bloom.
Oh, come then, while the summer shines,
And love is young and gay;
Ere age his withering, wintry blast
Blaws o'er me and my May.

For thee I 'll tend the fleecy flocks,
  Or haud the halesome plough;
And nightly clasp thee to my breast,
  And prove aye leal and true.
The blush o'erspread her bonnie face,
  She had nae mair to say,
But gae her hand and walk'd alang,
  The youthfu', bloomin' May.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

ALEXANDER RODGER was born on the 16th July 1784, at East Calder, Midlothian. His father, originally a farmer, was lessee of the village inn; he subsequently removed to Edinburgh, and latterly emigrated to Hamburgh. Alexander was apprenticed in his twelfth year to a silversmith in Edinburgh. On his father leaving the country, in 1797, he joined his maternal relatives in Glasgow, who persuaded him to adopt the trade of a weaver. He married in his twenty-second year; and contrived to add to the family finances by cultivating a taste for music, and giving lessons in the art. Extreme in his political opinions, he was led in 1819 to afford his literary support to a journal originated with the design of promoting disaffection and revolt. The connexion was attended with serious consequences; he was convicted of revolutionary practices, and sent to prison. On his release from confinement he was received into the Barrowfield Works, as an inspector of cloths used for printing and dyeing. He held this office during eleven years; he subsequently acted as a pawnbroker, and a reporter of local intelligence to two different newspapers. In 1836 he became assistant in the publishing office of the *Reformers' Gazette*, a situation which he held till his death. This event took place on the 26th September 1846.

Rodger published two small collections of verses, and a volume of "Poems and Songs." Many of his poems, though abounding in humour, are disfigured by coarse political allusions. Several of his songs are of a high order, and have deservedly become popular. He was less the poet of external nature than of the domestic affections; and, himself possessed of a lively sympathy with the humbler classes, he took delight in celebrating the simple joys of the peasant's hearth. A master of the pathetic, his muse sometimes assumed a sportive gaiety, when the laugh is irresistible. Among a wide circle he was held in estimation; he was fond of society, and took pleasure in humorous conversation. In 1836, about two hundred of his fellow-citizens entertained him at a public festival and handed him a small box of sovereigns; and some admiring friends, to mark their respect for his memory, have erected a handsome monument over his remains in the Necropolis of Glasgow.

SWEET BET OF ABERDEEN.

How brightly beams the bonnie moon,
  Frae out the azure sky;
While ilka little star aboon
  Seems sparkling bright wi' joy.
How calm the eve, how blest the hour!
  How soft the silvan scene!
How fit to meet thee, lovely flower,
  Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

Now let us wander through the broom,
  And o'er the flowery lea;
While simmer wafts her rich perfume,
  Frae yonder hawthorn tree:
There, on yon mossy bank we 'll rest,
  Where we 've sae aften been;
Clasp'd to each other's throbbing breast—
  Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

How sweet to view that face so meek—
  That dark expressive eye—
To kiss that lovely blushing cheek—
  Those lips of coral dye!
But O! to hear thy seraph strains,
  Thy maiden sighs between,
Makes rapture thrill through all my veins—
  Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

O! what to us is wealth or rank?
Or what is pomp or power?
More dear this velvet mossy bank—
This blest ecstatic hour!
I'd covet not the monarch's throne,
Nor diamond-studded Queen,
While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

AIR—"*Good-morrow to your night-cap.*"

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wad na gie me meikle pain,
'Gin we were seen and heard by nane
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane,
But, guid sake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Whate'er you do when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they 'll mak
O' naething but a simple smack
That 's gi'en or ta'en before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Nor gie the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It 's no through hatred o' a kiss
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, losh! I tak it sair amiss
To be sae teased before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we 're our lane ye may tak ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I 'm sure wi' you I 've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I 'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar 't blush sae sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, it 's hardly meet,
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that 's the case, there 's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae get a licence frae the priest,
And mak me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And when were ane, bluid, flesh, and bane,
Ye may tak ten before folk.*

LOVELY MAIDEN.

Lovely maiden, art thou sleeping?
Wake, and fly with me, my love,
While the moon is proudly sweeping,
Through the ether fields above;
While her mellow'd light is streaming
Full on mountain, moon, and lake.
Dearest maiden, art thou dreaming?
'Tis thy true-love calls awake.

* "The Answer" is of inferior merit, and has therefore been omitted.

All is hush'd around thy dwelling,
Even the watch-dog 's lull'd asleep;
Hark! the clock the hour is knelling,
Wilt thou then thy promise keep?
Yes, I hear her softly coming,
Now her window 's gently raised;
There she stands, an angel blooming,
Come, my Mary, haste thee, haste!

Fear not, love, thy rigid father
Soundly sleeps bedrench'd with wine;
'Tis thy true-love holds the ladder,
To his care thyself resign!
Now my arms enfold a treasure,
Which for worlds I 'd not forego;
Now our bosoms feel that pleasure,
Faithful bosoms only know.

Long have our true-loves been thwarted,
By the stern decrees of pride,
Which would doom us to be parted,
And make thee another's bride;
But behold, my steeds are ready,
Soon they 'll post us far away;
Thou wilt be Glen Alva's lady,
Long before the dawn of day.

THE PEASANT'S FIRESIDE.

AIR—"*For lack o' gowd.*"

How happy lives the peasant, by his ain fireside,
Wha weel employs the present, by his ain fireside;
Wi' his wifie blithe and free, and his bairnie on his knee,
Smiling fu' o' sportive glee, by his ain fireside!
Nae cares o' state disturb him, by his ain fireside;
Nae foolish fashions curb him, by his ain fireside;
In his elbow-chair reclined, he can freely speak his mind,
To his bosom-mate sae kind, by his ain fireside.

When his bonnie bairns increase, around his ain fireside,
What health, content, and peace surround his ain fireside,
A' day he gladly toils, and at night delighted smiles
At their harmless pranks and wiles, about his ain fireside;
And while they grow apace, about his ain fireside,
In beauty, strength, and grace, about his ain fireside,
Wi' virtuous precepts kind, by a sage example join'd,
He informs ilk youthfu' mind, about his ain fireside.

When the shivering orphan poor draws near his ain fireside,
And seeks the friendly door, that guards his ain fireside,
She 's welcomed to a seat, bidden warm her little feet,
While she 's kindly made to eat, by his ain fireside.
When youthfu' vigour fails him, by his ain fireside,
And hoary age assails him, by his ain fireside,
With joy he back surveys all his scenes of bygone days,
As he trod in wisdom's ways, by his ain fireside.

And when grim death draws near him, by his ain fireside,
What cause has he to fear him, by his ain fireside?
With a bosom-cheering hope, he takes heaven for his prop,
Then calmly down does drop, by his ain fireside.
Oh! may that lot be ours, by our ain fireside;
Then glad will fly the hours, by our ain fireside;
May virtue guard our path, till we draw our latest breath,
Then we 'll smile and welcome death, by our ain fireside.

AH, NO! I CANNOT SAY "FAREWELL."

Ah, no! I cannot say "Farewell,"
'T would pierce my bosom through;
And to this heart 't were death's dread knell,
To hear thee sigh "Adieu."
Though soul and body both must part,
Yet ne'er from thee I 'll sever,
For more to me than soul thou art,
And oh! I 'll quit thee never.

Whate'er through life may be thy fate,
That fate with thee I 'll share,
If prosperous, be moderate;
If adverse, meekly bear;
This bosom shall thy pillow be,
In every change whatever,
And tear for tear I 'll shed with thee,
But oh! forsake thee, never.

One home, one hearth, shall ours be still,
And one our daily fare;
One altar, too, where we may kneel,
And breathe our humble prayer;
And one our praise, that shall ascend,
To one all-bounteous Giver;
And one our will, our aim, our end,
For oh! we 'll sunder never.

And when that solemn hour shall come,
That sees thee breathe thy last,
That hour shall also fix my doom,
And seal my eyelids fast.
One grave shall hold us, side by side,
One shroud our clay shall cover;
And one then may we mount and glide,
Through realms of love, for ever.

JOHN WILSON.

JOHN WILSON, one of the most heart-stirring of Scottish prose writers, and a narrative and dramatic poet, is also entitled to rank among the minstrels of his country. The son of a prosperous manufacturer, he was born in Paisley, on the 18th of May 1785. The house of his birth, an old building, bore the name of *Prior's Croft;* it was taken down in 1787, when the family removed to a residence at the Town-head of Paisley, which, like the former, stood on ground belonging to the poet's father. His elementary education was conducted at the schools of his native town, and afterwards at the manse of Mearns, a rural parish in Renfrewshire, under the superintendence of Dr Maclatchie, the parochial clergyman. To his juvenile sports and exercises in the moor of Mearns, and his trouting excursions by the stream of the Humbie, and the four parish lochs, he has frequently referred in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine.* In his fifteenth year he became a student in the University of Glasgow. Under the instructions of Professor Young, of the Greek Chair, he made distinguished progress in classical learning; but it was to the clear and masculine intellect of Jardine, the distinguished Professor of Logic, that he was, in common with Jeffrey, chiefly indebted for a decided impulse in the path of mental cultivation. In 1804 he proceeded to Oxford, where he entered in Magdalen College as a gentleman-commoner. A leader in every species of recreation, foremost in every sport and merry-making, and famous for his feats of agility and strength, he assiduously con-

tinued the prosecution of his classical studies. Of poetical genius he afforded the first public indication by producing the best English poem of fifty lines, which was rewarded by the Newdigate prize of forty guineas. On attaining his majority he became master of a fortune of about £30,000, which accrued to him from his father's estate; and, having concluded a course of four years at Oxford, he purchased, in 1808, the small but beautiful property of Elleray, on the banks of the lake Windermere, in Westmoreland. During the intervals of college terms, he had become noted for his eccentric adventures and humorous escapades; and his native enthusiasm remained unsubdued on his early settlement at Elleray. He was the hero of singular and stirring adventures: at one time he joined a party of strolling-players, and on another occasion followed a band of gipsies; he practised cock-fighting and bull-hunting, and loved to startle his companions by his reckless daring. His juvenile excesses received a wholesome check by his espousing, in 1811, Miss Jane Penny, the daughter of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, and a lady of great personal beauty and amiable dispositions, to whom he continued most devotedly attached. He had already enjoyed the intimate society of Wordsworth, and now sought more assiduously the intercourse of the other lake-poets. In the autumn of 1811, on the death of his friend James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath," he composed an elegy to his memory, which attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott; in the year following he produced "The Isle of Palms," a poem in four cantos.

Hitherto Wilson had followed the career of a man of fortune; and his original patrimony had been handsomely augmented by his wife's dowry. But his guardian (a maternal uncle) had proved culpably remiss

in the management of his property, he himself had been careless in pecuniary matters, and these circumstances, along with others, convinced him of the propriety of adopting a profession. His inclinations were originally towards the Scottish Bar; and he now engaged in legal studies in the capital. In 1815 he passed advocate, and, during the terms of the law courts, established his residence in Edinburgh. He was early employed as a counsel at the circuit courts; but his devotion to literature prevented him from giving his heart to his profession, and he did not succeed as a lawyer. In 1816 appeared his "City of the Plague," a dramatic poem, which was followed by his prose tales and sketches, entitled "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Foresters," and "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay."

On the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1817, Wilson was one of the staff of contributors, along with Hogg, Lockhart, and others; and on a difference occurring between the publisher and Messrs Pringle and Cleghorn, the original editors, a few months after the undertaking was commenced, he exercised such a marked influence on the fortunes of that periodical, that he was usually regarded as its editor, although the editorial labour and responsibility really rested on Mr Blackwood himself. In 1820 he was elected by the Town-Council of Edinburgh to the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University, which had become vacant by the death of Dr Thomas Brown. In the twofold capacity of Professor of Ethics and principal contributor to a popular periodical, he occupied a position to which his genius and tastes admirably adapted him. He possessed in a singular degree the power of stimulating the minds and drawing forth the energies of youth; and wielding in periodical literature the vigour of a master intellect, he

riveted public attention by the force of his declamation, the catholicity of his criticism, and the splendour of his descriptions. *Blackwood's Magazine* attained a celebrity never before reached by any monthly periodical; the essays and sketches of "Christopher North," his literary *nom-de-guerre*, became a monthly treasure of interest and entertainment. His celebrated "Noctes Ambrosianæ," a series of dialogues on the literature and manners of the times, appeared in *Blackwood* from 1822 till 1835. In 1825 his entire poetical works were published in two octavo volumes; and, on his ceasing his regular connexion with *Blackwood's Magazine*, his prose contributions were, in 1842, collected in three volumes, under the title of "Recreations of Christopher North."

Illustrious as a man of letters, and esteemed as a poet, the private life of Professor Wilson was for many years as destitute of particular incident, as his youth had been remarkable for singular and stirring adventure. Till within a few years of his death, he resided during the summer months at Elleray, where he was in the habit of sumptuously entertaining his literary friends. His splendid regattas on the lake Windermere, from which he derived his title of "Admiral of the Lake," have been celebrated in various periodical papers. He made frequent pedestrian tours to the Highlands, in which Mrs Wilson, who was of kindred tastes, sometimes accompanied him. On the death of this excellent woman, which took place in March 1837, he suffered a severe shock, from which he never recovered. In 1850 he was elected first president of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution; and in the following year a civil-list pension of £300 was, on the recommendation of the premier, Lord John Russell, conferred on him by the Queen. In 1852 he felt necessitated, from a continuance of impaired

health, to resign his professorship in the University. He died in his house in Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, on the 3d of April 1854. His remains, at a public funeral, were consigned to the Dean Cemetery, and upwards of a thousand pounds have been raised to erect a suitable monument to his memory.

Besides the works already enumerated, Professor Wilson contributed an admirable essay on the genius of Burns for Blackie's edition of his works, and an elegant dissertation on Highland scenery, preliminary to the "Caledonia Illustrata." Of his whole works, a complete edition is in the course of publication, under the editorial care of his distinguished son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, of St Andrews. Than Professor Wilson no Scotsman, Scott and Jeffrey not excepted, has exercised a wider and deeper influence upon the general intellect of his countrymen. With a vast and comprehensive genius, he has gathered from every department of nature the deep and genial suggestions of wisdom; he has found philosophy in the wilds, and imbibed knowledge by the mountain stream. Under canvas, in his sporting-jacket, or with the angler's rod, he is still the eloquent "old Christopher;" his contemplations are always lofty, and his descriptions gorgeous. As a poet, he is chiefly to be remarked for meek serenity and gentle pathos. His tales somewhat lack incident, and are deficient in plot; but his other writings, whether critical or philosophical, are marked by correctness of taste, boldness of imagery, and dignity of sentiment. Lion-hearted in the exposure of absolute error, or vain pretext, he is gentle in judging human frailty; and irresistible in humour, is overpowering in tenderness. As a contributor to periodical literature, he will find admirers while the English language is understood.

MARY GRAY'S SONG.

I WALK'D by mysel' owre the sweet braes o' Yarrow,
When the earth wi' the gowans o' July was dress'd;
But the sang o' the bonnie burn sounded like sorrow,
Round ilka house cauld as a last-simmer's nest.

I look'd through the lift o' the blue smiling morning,
But never a wee cloud o' mist could I see,
On its way up to heaven, the cottage adorning,
Hanging white owre the green o' its sheltering tree.

By the outside I kenn'd that the inn was forsaken,
That nae tread o' footsteps was heard on the floor;
Oh, loud craw'd the cock whare was nane to awaken,
And the wild raven croak'd on the seat by the door!

Sic silence—sic lonesomeness, oh, were bewildering!
I heard nae lass singing when herding her sheep;
I met nae bright garlands o' wee rosy children,
Dancing on to the school-house, just waken'd frae sleep.

I pass'd by the school-house, when strangers were coming,
Whose windows with glad faces seem'd all alive;
Ae moment I hearken'd, but heard nae sweet humming,
For a night o' dark vapour can silence the hive.

I pass'd by the pool where the lasses at daw'ing,
Used to bleach their white garments wi' daffin and din;
But the foam in the silence o' nature was fa'ing,
And nae laughing rose loud through the roar of the linn.

I gaed into a small town, when sick o' my roaming,
Whare ance play'd the viol, the tabor, and flute;
'Twas the hour loved by labour, the saft smiling gloaming,
Yet the green round the cross-stane was empty and mute.

To the yellow-flower'd meadow, and scant rigs o' tillage,
The sheep a' neglected had come frae the glen;
The cushat-dow coo'd in the midst o' the village,
And the swallow had flown to the dwellings o' men!

Sweet Denholm! not thus when I lived in thy bosom
Thy heart lay so still the last night o' the week;
Then nane was sae weary that love would nae rouse him,
And grief gaed to dance with a laugh on his cheek.

Sic thoughts wet my een, as the moonshine was beaming
On the kirk-tower that rose up sae silent and white;
The wan ghastly light on the dial was streaming,
But the still finger tauld not the hour of the night.

The mirk-time pass'd slowly in siching and weeping,
I waken'd, and nature lay silent in mirth;
Owre a' holy Scotland the Sabbath was sleeping,
And heaven in beauty came down on the earth.

The morning smiled on—but nae kirk-bell was ringing,
Nae plaid or blue bonnet came down frae the hill;
The kirk-door was shut, but nae psalm tune was singing,
And I miss'd the wee voices sae sweet and sae shrill.

I look'd owre the quiet o' death's empty dwelling,
The laverock walk'd mute 'mid the sorrowful scene,
And fifty brown hillocks wi' fresh mould were swelling
Owre the kirkyard o' Denholm, last simmer sae green.

The infant had died at the breast o' its mither;
The cradle stood still at the mitherless bed;
At play the bairn sunk in the hand o' its brither;
At the fauld on the mountain the shepherd lay dead.

Oh! in spring-time 'tis eerie, when winter is over,
And birds should be glinting owre forest and lea,
When the lint-white and mavis the yellow leaves cover,
And nae blackbird sings loud frae the tap o' his tree.

But eerier far, when the spring-land rejoices,
And laughs back to heaven with gratitude bright,
To hearken, and naewhere hear sweet human voices
When man's soul is dark in the season o' light!

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

With laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heart-felt revelry;
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;
With accents blithe as voice of May,
Chanting glad Nature's roundelay;
Circled by joy like planet bright
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,
Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,

And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught'st my sighing soul to move
With hope towards the heaven of love!

Now years have given my Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace:
Though happy still, yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loveliness;
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams!
Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,
Shower blessings on a darling child;
Thy motion slow and soft thy tread,
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed!
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!

By thy glad youth and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary Time;
For thou art doom'd in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from woe;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent.
When, earth's affections nearly o'er,
With Peace behind and Faith before,
Thou render'st up again to God,
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul, then harp and hymn
From bands of sister seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in immortality.

PRAYER TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE Sleep! wilt thou lay thy head
For one little hour on thy lover's bed,
And none but the silent stars of night
Shall witness be to our delight?

Alas! 'tis said that the couch must be
Of the eider-down that is spread for thee,
So I in my sorrow must lie alone,
For mine, sweet Sleep! is a couch of stone.

Music to thee I know is dear;
Then the saddest of music is ever here,
For Grief sits with me in my cell,
And she is a syren who singeth well.

But thou, glad Sleep! lov'st gladsome airs,
And wilt only come to thy lover's prayers,
When the bells of merriment are ringing,
And bliss with liquid voice is singing.

Fair Sleep! so long in thy beauty woo'd,
No rival hast thou in my solitude,
Be mine, my love! and we two will lie
Embraced for ever, or awake to die!

Dear Sleep, farewell! hour, hour, hour, hour,
  Will slowly bring on the gleam of morrow;
But thou art Joy's faithful paramour,
  And lie wilt thou not in the arms of Sorrow.

DAVID WEBSTER.

DAVID WEBSTER was born in Dunblane, on the 25th September 1787. He was the second of a family of eight children born to his parents, who occupied the humbler condition of life. By his father, he was destined for the Church, but the early death of this parent put a check on his juvenile aspirations. He was apprenticed to a weaver in Paisley, and continued, with occasional intermissions, to prosecute the labours of the loom. His life was much chequered by misfortune. Fond of society, he was led to associate with some dissolute persons, who professed to be admirers of his genius, and was enticed by their example to neglect the concerns of business, and the duties of the family-hearth, for the delusive pleasures of the tavern. From his youth he composed verses. In 1835, he published, in numbers, a volume of poems and songs, with the title, "Original Scottish Rhymes." His style is flowing and graceful, and many of his pieces are marked by keen satire and happy humour. The songs inserted in the present work are favourable specimens of his manner. He died on the 22d January 1837, in his fiftieth year.*

* The present memoir is condensed from a well written biographical sketch of Webster, obligingly prepared for our use by Mr Charles Fleming, of Paisley.

TAK IT, MAN, TAK IT.

TUNE—"*Brose and Butter.*"

WHEN I was a miller in Fife,
  Losh! I thought that the sound o' the happer
Said, Tak hame a wee flow to your wife,
  To help to be brose to your supper.
Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
  But someway by random it racket;
For I lifted twa neivefu' or mair,
  While the happer said, Tak it, man, tak it.
    Hey for the mill and the kill,
      The garland and gear for my cogie,
    Hey for the whisky and yill,
      That washes the dust frae my craigie.

Although it 's been lang in repute
  For rogues to mak rich by deceiving,
Yet I see that it does not weel suit
  Honest men to begin to the thieving;
For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,
  Oh! I thought ilka dunt it would crack it;
Sae I flang frae my neive what was in 't,
  Still the happer said, Tak it, man, tak it.
    Hey for the mill, &c.

A man that 's been bred to the plough,
  Might be deaved wi' its clamorous clapper;
Yet there 's few but would suffer the sough
  After kenning what 's said by the happer.

I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,
  Saying, Shame, is your conscience no checkit?
But when I grew dry for a horn,
  It changed aye to Tak it, man, tak it.
    Hey for the mill, &c.

The smugglers whiles cam wi' their pocks,
  Cause they kent that I liked a bicker;
Sae I bartered whiles wi' the gowks,
  Gaed them grain for a soup o' their liquor.
I had lang been accustom'd to drink,
  And aye when I purposed to quat it,
That thing wi' its clappertie clink
  Said aye to me, Tak it, man, tak it.
    Hey for the mill, &c.

But the warst thing I did in my life,
  Nae doubt but ye 'll think I was wrang o 't,
Od! I tauld a bit bodie in Fife
  A' my tale, and he made a bit sang o 't;
I have aye had a voice a' my days,
  But for singing I ne'er got the knack o 't;
Yet I tried whiles, just thinking to please
  The greedy wi' Tak it, man, tak it.
    Hey the mill, &c.

Now, miller and a' as I am,
  This far I can see through the matter,
There 's men mair notorious to fame,
  Mair greedy than me or the muter;
For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,
  Or wi' safety the half we may mak it,
Had some speaking happer within,
  That said to them, Tak it, man, tak it.
    Hey for the mill, &c.

OH, SWEET WERE THE HOURS.

AIR—"*Gregor Arora.*"

OH, sweet were the hours
That I spent wi' my Flora,
In yon gay shady bowers,
Roun' the linn o' the Cora!

Her breath was the zephyrs
That waft frae the roses,
And skim o'er the heath
As the summer day closes.

I told her my love-tale,
Which seem'd to her cheering;
Then she breathed on the soft gale
Her song so endearing.

The rock echoes ringing
Seem'd charm'd wi' my story;
And the birds, sweetly singing,
Replied to my Flora.

The sweet zephyr her breath
As it wafts frae the roses,
And skims o'er the heath
As the summer day closes.

PATE BIRNIE.*

OUR minstrels a', frae south to north,
To Edin cam to try their worth,
And ane cam frae the banks o' Forth,
  Whase name was Patie Birnie.
This Patie, wi' superior art,
Made notes to ring through head and heart,
Till citizens a' set apart
  Their praise to Patie Birnie.
    Tell auld Kinghorn, o' Picish birth,
    Where, noddin', she looks o'er the Firth,
    Aye when she would enhance her worth,
      To sing o' Patie Birnie.

His merits mak *Auld Reekie* † ring,
Mak rustic poets o' him sing;
For nane can touch the fiddle-string
  Sae weel as Patie Birnie.
He cheers the sage, the sour, the sad,
Maks youngsters a rin louping mad,
Heads grow giddy, hearts grow glad,
  Enchanted wi' Pate Birnie.

The witching tones o' Patie's therm,
Mak farmer chiels forget their farm,
Sailors forget the howling storm,
  When dancing to Pate Birnie.

* Pate Birnie was a celebrated fiddler or violinist who resided in Kinghorn, Fifeshire.

† An old designation for the city of Edinburgh, often used by the Scottish poets.

Pate maks the fool forget his freaks,
Maks baxter bodies burn their bakes,
And gowkies gie their hame the glaiks,
And follow Patie Birnie.

When Patie taks his strolling rounds,
To feasts or fairs in ither towns,
Wark bodies fling their trantlooms doun,
To hear the famous Birnie.
The crabbit carles forget to snarl,
The canker'd cuiffs forget to quarrel,
And gilphies forget the stock and horle,
And dance to Patie Birnie.

WILLIAM PARK.

WILLIAM PARK was not born in lawful wedlock. His grandfather, Andrew Park, occupied for many years the farm of Efgill, in the parish of Westerkirk, and county of Dumfries. He had two sons, William and James, who were both men of superior intelligence, and both of them writers of verses. William, the poet's father, having for a brief period served as a midshipman, emigrated to the island of Grenada, where he first acted as the overseer of an estate, but was afterwards appointed to a situation in the Customs at St George's, and became the proprietor and editor of a newspaper, called the *St George's Chronicle.* In the year 1795, he was slain when bravely heading an encounter with a body of French insurgents. His son, the subject of this memoir, was born at Crooks, in the parish of Westerkirk, on the 22d of February 1788, and was brought up under the care of his grandfather. He received an ordinary training at the parochial school; and when his grandfather relinquished his farm to a higher bidder, he was necessitated to seek employment as a cow-herd. In 1805, he proceeded as a farm-servant to the farm of Cassock, in the parish of Eskdalemuir. In 1809, he entered the service of the Rev. Dr Brown,* minister of

* William Brown, D.D., author of "Antiquities of the Jews." Lond., 1825, 2 vols. 8vo.

Eskdalemuir, and continued to occupy the position of *minister's man* till the death of that clergyman, many years afterwards.

From his early years, Park had cultivated a taste for literature. The parishioners of Westerkirk have long been commended for their inquisitive turn of mind; many years ago they established a subscription library, to which Mr Telford, the celebrated engineer, who was a native of the parish, bequeathed a legacy of a thousand pounds. The rustic poet suddenly emerged from his obscurity, when he was encouraged to publish a volume entitled "The Vale of Esk, and other Poems," Edin., 1833, 12mo. About the same period he became a contributor of poetry to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and a writer of prose articles in the provincial newspapers. On the death of Dr Brown, in 1837, he took, in conjunction with a son-in-law, a lease of the farm of Holmains, in the parish of Dalton, and now enjoyed greater leisure for the prosecution of his literary tastes. In May 1843, he undertook the editorship of the *Dumfries Standard* newspaper; but had just commenced his duties, when he was seized with an illness which proved fatal. He died at Holmains on the 5th June 1843. His widow still lives in Eskdalemuir; and of their numerous family, some have emigrated to America.

Park's compositions were not strictly lyrical, but "The Patriot's Song," which we have selected from his volume, seems worthy of a place in the national minstrelsy. His style is smooth and flowing, and he evinces a passionate admiration of the beautiful in nature.

THE PATRIOT'S SONG.

SHALL I leave thee, thou land to my infancy dear,
Ere I know aught of toil or of woe,
For the clime of the stranger, the solitude drear,
And a thousand endearments forego?

Shall I give my lone bosom a prey to its strife?
Must I friendship's just claims disallow?
No; her breathings can cool the hot fever of life,
As the breeze fans the sea-beaten brow.

'Tis said that the comforts of plenty abound
In the wide-spreading plains of the west;
That there an asylum of peace shall be found
Where the care-stricken wanderer may rest.

That nature uncheck'd there displays all her pride
In the forest unfading and deep;
That the river rolls onward its ocean-like tide,
Encircling broad realms in its sweep.

But is there a spot in that far distant land
Where fancy or feeling may dwell?
Or how shall the heart of the exile expand,
Untouch'd by Society's spell?

Though thy children, old Albyn! adversity bear,
As forlorn o'er thy mountains they roam,
Yet I 've found, what in vain I should seek for elsewhere—
I have found 'mong these mountains a home.

How lovely the beam on thy moorland appears,
As it streams from the eye of the morn!
And how comely the garment that evening wears
When the day of its glories is shorn!

Ah! strong are the ties that the patriot bind,
Fair isle of the sea! to thy shore;
The turf that he treads, by the best of their kind,
By the bravest, was trodden before.

Nor is there a field—not a foot of thy soil,
In dale or in mountain-land dun,
Unmark'd in the annals of chivalrous toil,
Ere concord its conquest had won.

The rill hath a voice from the rock as it pours,
It comes from the glen on the gale;
For the life-blood of martyrs hath hallow'd thy muirs,
And their names are revered in the vale.

How sacred the stone that, remote on the heath,
O'er the bones of the righteous was laid,
Who triumph'd in death o'er the foes of their faith,
When the banner of truth was display'd!

And sweet are the songs of the land of my love,
And soothing their tones to the soul,
Or lofty and loud, like the thunder above,
Or the storm-cloud of passion, they roll.

While summer, beyond the Atlantic's wide waste,
A gaudier garb may assume,
My country! thou boastest the verdure of taste,
And thy glories immortally bloom.

No! I will not forsake thee, thou land of my lay!
The scorn of the stranger to brave;
O'er thy lea I have revell'd in youth's sunny ray,
And thy wild-flowers shall spangle my grave.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

THOMAS PRINGLE was born on the 5th of January 1789 at Blaiklaw, in Teviotdale, a farm rented by his father, and of which his progenitors had been tenants for a succession of generations. By an accident in infancy, he suffered dislocation of one of his limbs, which rendered the use of crutches necessary for life. Attending the grammar school of Kelso for three years, he entered as a student the University of Edinburgh. From his youth he had devoted himself to extensive reading, and during his attendance at college he formed the resolution of adopting literature as a profession. In 1808 he accepted the appointment of copying-clerk in the General Register House, occupying his intervals of leisure in composition. He published, in 1811—in connexion with his ingenious friend, Robert Story, the present minister of Roseneath—a poem entitled, "The Institute," which obtained a considerable share of public favour. In 1816 he became a contributor to Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology;" and produced an excellent imitation of the poetical style of Sir Walter Scott for Hogg's "Poetic Mirror." Concurring with Hogg in a proposal to establish a new monthly periodical, in order to supersede the *Scots' Magazine*, which had much sunk in the literary scale, he united with him in submitting the scheme to Mr Blackwood, who was then becoming known as an enterprising publisher. By Mr Blackwood

the proposal was well received; a periodical was originated under the title of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, and Pringle relinquished his post in the Register House to undertake the editorship. In April 1817 the first number of the magazine appeared, adorned with contributions from Wilson, Lockhart, the Shepherd, and others of literary reputation. An interesting article on "Gypsies" was Pringle's own contribution, the materials being kindly supplied to him by Sir Walter Scott. The occurrence of serious differences between the editor and publisher, however, soon menaced the continuance of a periodical which had commenced so prosperously; the result was, the withdrawal of Pringle from the concern, and an announcement in the September number that the magazine was discontinued. The discontinuance was merely nominal: a new series, under the title of *Blackwood's Magazine*, appeared in October, under the literary superintendence of Wilson; while, in the August preceding, Pringle had originated, under the publishing auspices of Mr Constable, *The Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany*, as a new series of the *Scots' Magazine*. In the first number of Mr Blackwood's new series appeared the celebrated "Chaldee MS.," a humorous pasquinade, chiefly directed against Pringle and his literary friend Cleghorn, and which, on account of its evident personalities, was afterwards cancelled.

Besides conducting Constable's magazine, Pringle undertook the editorship of *The Star*, a bi-weekly newspaper; but he was led soon to renounce both these literary appointments. He now published the "Autumnal Excursion, and other Poems;" but finding, in spite of every effort, that he was unable to support himself by literature, he resumed, early in 1819, his humble situation in the Register House.

When his literary affairs were prosperous, Pringle had entered into the married state, but his present emoluments were wholly unequal to the comfortable maintenance of his family. He formed the resolution of emigrating to South Africa, then a favourite colony, and a number of his wife's relatives and his own consented to accompany him. In February 1820 he embarked for the Cape, along with his father and other relatives, in all numbering twenty-four persons. The emigrants landed on the 5th of June, and forthwith took possession of the territory assigned them by the home government, extending to 20,000 acres, situate in the upper part of the valley of Baaviars river, a tributary of the Great Fish river. In this place, which the colonists designated Glen-lynden, Pringle remained about two years, till his friends were comfortably settled. He thereafter proceeded to Cape Town, in quest of literary employment. He was appointed keeper of the Government library, with a salary of £75, and soon after found himself at the head of a flourishing educational establishment. He now established a periodical, which he designated the *South African Commercial Advertiser*, and became editor of a weekly newspaper, originated by an enterprising printer. But misfortune continued to attend his literary adventures: in consequence of certain interferences of the local government, he was compelled to abandon both his periodical and newspaper, while the opposition of the administrative officials led to his seminary being deserted. Leaving the colony for Britain, he arrived in London in July 1826; and failing to obtain from the home government a reparation of his losses in the colony, he was necessitated anew to seek a precarious subsistence from literature. An article which he had written on slavery, in

the *New Monthly Magazine*, led to his appointment as secretary to the Anti-slavery Society. This situation, so admirably suited to his talents and predilections, he continued to hold till the office became unnecessary, by the legislative abolition of slavery on the 27th of June 1834. He now became desirous of returning to the Cape, but was meanwhile seized with a pulmonary affection, which proved fatal on the 5th December 1834, in his forty-sixth year. His remains were interred in Bunhill-field Cemetery, where a tombstone, with an inscription by his poetical friend William Kennedy, has been erected to his memory.

As a poet, Pringle is chiefly remarkable for elegance of versification, perspicuity of sentiment, and deep and generous feeling. A thorough patriot, some of his best songs on subjects connected with Scottish scenery were written on the plains of Africa. Beneficent in disposition, and conciliatory in private intercourse, he was especially uncompromising in the maintenance of his political opinions; and to this peculiarity may be traceable some of his earlier misfortunes. In person he was under the middle height; his countenance was open and benignant, with a well developed forehead. He was much influenced by sincere religious convictions. His poetical works, with a memoir by Mr Leitch Ritchie, have been published by Mr Moxon for the benefit of his widow.

FAREWELL TO BONNIE TEVIOTDALE.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long, a last adieu;
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
Ye streams renown'd in song;
Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have loved so long!

Farewell, the blithsome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow;
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe!

The mossy cave and mouldering tower,
That skirt our native dells;
The martyr's grave and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love—our fathers' home—
Land of the brave and free—
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

By the lone Mankayana's margin gray
A Scottish maiden sung;
And mournfully pour'd her melting lay
In Teviot's border-tongue:
O bonnie grows the broom on Blaiklaw knowes,
And the birk in Clifton dale;
And green are the hills o' the milk-white ewes,
By the briery banks o' Cayle!

Here bright are the skies; and these valleys of bloom
May enchant the traveller's eye;
But all seems dress'd in death-like gloom,
To the exile who comes to die!
O bonnie grows the broom, &c.

Far round and round spreads the howling waste,
Where the wild beast roams at will;
And yawning cleughs, by woods embraced,
Where the savage lurks to kill!
O bonnie grows the broom, &c.

Full oft over Cheviot's uplands green
My dreaming fancy strays;
But I wake to weep 'mid the desolate scene
That scowls on my aching gaze!
O bonnie grows the broom, &c.

Oh light, light is poverty's lowliest state,
On Scotland's peaceful strand,
Compared with the heart-sick exile's fate,
In this wild and weary land!
O bonnie grows the broom, &c.

LOVE AND SOLITUDE.

I LOVE the free ridge of the mountain,
When dawn lifts her fresh dewy eye;
I love the old ash by the fountain,
When noon's summer fervours are high:
And dearly I love when the gray-mantled gloaming
Adown the dim valley glides slowly along,
And finds me afar by the pine-forest roaming,
A-list'ning the close of the gray linnet's song.

When the moon from her fleecy cloud scatters
Over ocean her silvery light,
And the whisper of woodlands and waters
Comes soft through the silence of night—
I love by the ruin'd tower lonely to linger,
A-dreaming to fancy's wild witchery given,
And hear, as if swept by some seraph's pure finger,
The harp of the winds breathing accents of heaven

Yet still, 'mid sweet fancies o'erflowing,
Oft bursts from my lone breast the sigh—
I yearn for the sympathies glowing,
When hearts to each other reply!

Come, friend of my bosom! with kindred devotion,
To worship with me by wild mountain and grove;
O come, my Eliza, with dearer emotion,
With rapture to hallow the chaste home of love!

COME AWA', COME AWA'.

COME awa', come awa',
An' o'er the march wi' me, lassie;
Leave your southren wooers a',
My winsome bride to be, lassie!
Lands nor gear I proffer you,
Nor gauds to busk ye fine, lassie;
But I 've a heart that 's leal and true,
And a' that heart is thine, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
And see the kindly north, lassie,
Out o'er the peaks o' Lammerlair,
And by the Links o' Forth, lassie!
And when we tread the heather-bell,
Aboon Demayat lea, lassie,
You 'll view the land o' flood and fell,
The noble north countrie, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
And leave your southland hame, lassie;
The kirk is near, the ring is here,
And I 'm your Donald Græme, lassie!
Rock and reel and spinning-wheel,
And English cottage trig, lassie;
Haste, leave them a', wi' me to speel
The braes 'yont Stirling brig, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
I ken your heart is mine, lassie,
And true love shall make up for a'
For whilk ye might repine, lassie!
Your father he has gi'en consent,
Your step-dame looks na kind, lassie;
O that our feet were on the bent,
An' the lowlands far behind, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
Ye 'll ne'er hae cause to rue, lassie;
My cot blinks blithe beneath the shaw,
By bonnie Avondhu, lassie!
There 's birk and slae on ilka brae,
And brackens waving fair, lassie,
And gleaming lochs and mountains gray—
Can aught wi' them compare, lassie?
Come awa', come awa', &c.

DEAREST LOVE, BELIEVE ME!

Dearest love, believe me,
Though all else depart,
Nought shall e'er deceive thee
In this faithful heart.
Beauty may be blighted—
Youth must pass away;
But the vows we plighted
Ne'er shall know decay.

Tempests may assail us
From affliction's coast,
Fortune's breeze may fail us
When we need it most;
Fairest hopes may perish,
Firmest friends may change,
But the love we cherish
Nothing shall estrange.

Dreams of fame and grandeur
End in bitter tears;
Love grows only fonder
With the lapse of years;
Time, and change, and trouble,
Weaker ties unbind,
But the bands redouble
True affection twined.

WILLIAM KNOX.

WILLIAM KNOX, a short-lived poet of considerable merit, was born at Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire, on the 17th August 1789. His father, Thomas Knox, espoused Barbara Turnbull, the widow of a country gentleman, Mr Pott of Todrig, in Selkirkshire; and of this marriage, William was the eldest son. He was educated at the parish school of Lilliesleaf, and, subsequently, at the grammar school of Musselburgh. In 1812, he became lessee of the farm of Wrae, near Langholm, Dumfriesshire; but his habits were not those of a thriving farmer, and, at the expiry of five years, he was led to abandon his lease. His parents had, meanwhile, removed to the farm of Todrig, and he returned thither to the shelter of the parental roof. In 1820, the family, who had fallen into straitened circumstances, proceeded to Edinburgh, where they opened a lodging-house. William now devoted his attention to literature, contributing extensively to the public journals. From his youth he had composed verses. In 1818, he published "The Lonely Hearth, and other Poems," 12mo; in 1824, "The Songs of Israel," 12mo; and in April 1825, a third duodecimo volume of lyrics, entitled "The Harp of Zion." His poetical merits attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott, who afforded him kindly countenance and occasional pecuniary assistance. He likewise enjoyed the friendly encouragement of Professor Wilson, and other men of letters.

Of amiable and benevolent dispositions, Knox fell a victim to the undue gratification of his social propensities; he was seized with paralysis, and died at Edinburgh on the 12th of November 1825, at the early age of thirty-six. His poetry, always smooth and harmonious, is largely pervaded with pathetic and religious sentiment. Some of his Scriptural paraphrases are exquisite specimens of sacred verse. A new edition of his poetical works was published at London, in 1847. Besides his poetical works, he published "A Visit to Dublin," and a Christmas tale entitled "Marianne, or the Widower's Daughter." He left several compositions in prose and verse, but these have not been published by his executors.

Knox was short in stature, but handsomely formed; his complexion was fair, and his hair of a light colour. Subject to a variation of spirits in private, he was generally cheerful in society. He sang or repeated his own songs with much enthusiasm, and was keenly alive to his literary reputation. Possessing a fund of humour, he excelled in relating curious anecdotes.

THE DEAR LAND OF CAKES.

O BRAVE Caledonians! my brothers, my friends,
Now sorrow is borne on the wings of the winds;
Care sleeps with the sun in the seas of the west,
And courage is lull'd in the warrior's breast.
Here social pleasure enlivens each heart,
And friendship is ready its warmth to impart;
The goblet is fill'd, and each worn one partakes,
To drink plenty and peace to the dear land of cakes.

Though the Bourbon may boast of his vine-cover'd hills,
Through each bosom the tide of depravity thrills;
Though the Indian may sit in his green orange bowers,
There slavery's wail counts the wearisome hours.
Though our island is beat by the storms of the north,
There blaze the bright meteors of valour and worth;
There the loveliest rose-bud of beauty awakes
From that cradle of virtue, the dear land of cakes.

O valour! thou guardian of freedom and truth,
Thou stay of old age, and thou guidance of youth!
Still, still thy enthusiast transports pervade
The breast that is wrapt in the green tartan plaid.
And ours are the shoulders that never shall bend
To the rod of a tyrant, that scourge of a land;
Ours the bosoms no terror of death ever shakes,
When call'd in defence of the dear land of cakes.

Shall the ghosts of our fathers, aloft on each cloud,
When the rage of the battle is dreadful and loud,
See us shrink from our standard with fear and dismay,
And leave to our foemen the pride of the day?
No, by heavens we will stand to our honour and trust!
Till our heart's blood be shed on our ancestors' dust,
Till we sink to the slumber no war-trumpet breaks,
Beneath the brown heath of the dear land of cakes.

O, peace to the ashes of those that have bled
For the land where the proud thistle raises its head!
O, peace to the ashes of those gave us birth,
In a land freedom renders the boast of the earth!
Though their lives are extinguish'd, their spirit remains,
And swells in their blood that still runs in our veins;
Still their deathless achievements our ardour awakes,
For the honour and weal of the dear land of cakes.

Ye sons of old Scotia, ye friends of my heart,
From our word, from our trust, let us never depart;
Nor e'er from our foe till with victory crown'd,
And the balm of compassion is pour'd in his wound;
And still to our bosom be honesty dear,
And still to our loves and our friendships sincere;
And, till heaven's last thunder the firmament shakes,
May happiness beam on the dear land of cakes.

THE LAMENT.

SHE was mine when the leaves of the forest were green,
When the rose-blossoms hung on the tree;
And dear, dear to me were the joys that had been,
And I dreamt of enjoyments to be.

But she faded more fast than the blossoms could fade,
No human attention could save;
And when the green leaves of the forest decay'd,
The winds strew'd them over her grave.

TO MARY.

FAREWELL! and though my steps depart
From scenes for ever dear,
O Mary! I must leave my heart
And all my pleasures here;
And I must cherish in my mind,
Where'er my lot shall be,
A thought of her I leave behind—
A hopeless thought of thee.

O Mary! I can ne'er forget
The charm thy presence brought;
No hour has pass'd since first we met,
But thou hast shared my thought.
At early morn, at sultry noon,
Beneath the spreading tree,
And, wandering by the evening moon,
Still, still I think of thee.

Yea, thou hast come to cheer my dream,
And bid me grieve no more,
But at the morn's returning gleam,
I sorrow'd as before;
Yet thou shalt still partake my care,
And when I bend the knee,
And pour to Heaven a fervent prayer,
I will remember thee.

Farewell! and when my steps depart,
Though many a grief be mine,
And though I may conceal my own,
I 'll weep to hear of thine.
Though from thy memory soon depart
Each little trace of me,
'Tis only in the grave this heart
Can cease to think of thee.

WILLIAM THOM.

WILLIAM THOM, commonly styled "The Inverury Poet," was born at Aberdeen in 1789. His father, who was a shopkeeper, dying during his infancy, he was placed by his mother at a school taught by a female, from whom he received the greater amount of his juvenile education. At the age of ten, he was put to a cotton-factory, where he served an apprenticeship of four years. He was subsequently employed, during a period of nearly twenty years, in the large weaving-factory of Gordon, Barron, & Co. In 1827, he removed to Dundee; and shortly after to the village of Newtyle, in Strathmore, at both of these places working as a hand-loom weaver. Thrown out of employment, in consequence of a stagnation in the manufacturing world, he was subjected, in his person and family, to much penury and suffering. At length, disposing of his articles of household furniture, he purchased a few wares, and taking his wife and children along with him, commenced the precarious life of a pedlar. In his published "Recollections," he has supplied a heart-rending narrative of the privations attendant on his career as a wanderer; his lodgings were frequently in the farmer's barn, and, on one of these occasions, one of his children perished from cold and starvation. The contents of his pack becoming exhausted, he derived the means of subsistence by playing

on the flute, and disposing of copies of verses. After wandering over a wide district as a pedlar, flute-player, and itinerant poet, he resumed his original occupation of weaving in Kinross. He subsequently sought employment as a weaver in Aberdeen, where he remained about a year. In 1840 he proceeded to Inverury; and it was while he was resident in this place that his beautiful stanzas, entitled "The Blind Boy's Pranks," appeared in the columns of the *Aberdeen Herald* newspaper. These verses were copied into many of the public journals: they particularly arrested the attention of Mr Gordon of Knockespock, a landed proprietor in Aberdeenshire, who, ascertaining the indigent circumstances of the author, transmitted to him a handsome donation, and desired to form his personal acquaintance. The poet afterwards accompanied Mr Gordon to London, who introduced him as a man of genius to the fashionable and literary circles of the metropolis. In 1844 he published a small volume of poems and songs, with a brief autobiography, under the title of "Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver." This volume was well received; and on a second visit to London, Thom was entertained at a public dinner by many distinguished literary persons of the metropolis. From admirers, both in India and America, he received pecuniary acknowledgments of his genius. He now attempted to establish himself in London in connexion with the press, but without success. Returning to Scotland, he took up his abode in Dundee; where, after a period of distress and penury, he breathed his last on the 29th February 1848, in his 59th year. His remains were interred in the public cemetery of the town; and it is pleasing to add, that an enthusiastic admirer of his genius has planted flowers upon his grave. Though long in publishing, Thom

early wrote verses; in Gordon, Barron, & Co.'s factory in Aberdeen, his fellow-workmen were astonished and interested by the power and vigour of his poems. That he did not publish sooner, is probably attributable to his lengthened career of poverty, and his carelessness regarding intellectual honours.

In respect of pure and simple pathos, some of his lyrics are unequalled among the compositions of any of the national bards. Than "The Mitherless Bairn," it may be questioned whether there is to be found in the language any lyrical composition more delicately plaintive. It is lamentable to think that one who could write so tenderly should, by a dissolute life, have been the author of many of his own misfortunes, and a constant barrier to every attempt for his permanent elevation in the social circle. In person, he was rather below the middle stature; his countenance was thoughtful, but marked with the effects of bodily suffering. Owing to a club-foot, his gait was singularly awkward. He excelled in conversation, and his manner was pleasing and conciliatory.

JEANIE'S GRAVE.

I SAW my true-love first on the banks of queenly Tay,
Nor did I deem it yielding my trembling heart away;
I feasted on her deep, dark eye, and loved it more and more,
For, oh! I thought I ne'er had seen a look so kind before!

I heard my true-love sing, and she taught me many a strain,
But a voice so sweet, oh! never shall my cold ear hear again.
In all our friendless wanderings—in homeless penury—
Her gentle song and jetty eye were all unchanged to me.

I saw my true-love fade—I heard her latest sigh;
I wept no friv'lous weeping when I closed her lightless eye:
Far from her native Tay she sleeps, and other waters lave
The markless spot where Ury creeps around my Jeanie's grave.

Move noiseless, gentle Ury! around my Jeanie's bed,
And I'll love thee, gentle Ury! where'er my footsteps tread;
For sooner shall thy fairy wave return from yonder sea,
Than I forget yon lowly grave, and all it hides from me.

THEY SPEAK O' WILES.

AIR—"*Gin a bodie meet a bodie.*"

THEY speak o' wiles in woman's smiles,
An' ruin in her e'e;
I ken they bring a pang at whiles
That 's unco sair to dree;
But mind ye this, the half-ta'en kiss,
The first fond fa'in' tear,
Is, heaven kens, fu' sweet amends,
An' tints o' heaven here.

When two leal hearts in fondness meet,
Life's tempests howl in vain;
The very tears o' love are sweet
When paid with tears again.
Shall hapless prudence shake its pow,
Shall cauldrife caution fear,
Oh, dinna, dinna droun the lowe,
That lichts a heaven here!

What though we 're ca'd a wee before
The stale "three score an' ten,"
When Joy keeks kindly at your door,
Aye bid her welcome ben.
About yon blissfu' bowers above
Let doubtfu' mortals speir;
Sae weel ken we that "heaven is love,"
Since love makes heaven here.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.*

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

Yon sister that sang o'er his saftly-rock'd bed
Now rests in the mools whare her mammie is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na' the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na' harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

* An Inverury correspondent writes: "Thom gave me the following narrative as to the origin of 'The Mitherless Bairn;' I quote his own words—'When I was livin' in Aberdeen, I was limping roun' the house to my garret, when I heard the greetin' o' a wean. A lassie was thumpin' a bairn, when out cam a big dame, bellowin', "Ye hussie, will ye kick a mitherless bairn!" I hobbled up the stair, and wrote the sang afore sleepin'.'"

THE LASS O' KINTORE.

AIR—"*Oh, as I was kiss'd yestreen.*"

AT hame or afield I am cheerless an' lone,
I 'm dull on the Ury, an' droop by the Don;
Their murmur is noisy, and fashious to hear,
An' the lay o' the lintie fa's dead on my ear.
I hide frae the morn, and whaur naebody sees;
I greet to the burnie, an' sich to the breeze;
Though I sich till I 'm silly, an' greet till I dee,
Kintore is the spot in this world for me.
But the lass o' Kintore, oh! the lass o' Kintore,
Be warned awa' frae the lass o' Kintore;
There 's a love-luring look that I ne'er kent afore
Steals cannily hame to the heart at Kintore.

They bid me forget her, oh! how can it be?
In kindness or scorn she 's ever wi' me;
I feel her fell frown in the lift's frosty blue,
An' I weel ken her smile in the lily's saft hue.
I try to forget her, but canna forget,
I 've liked her lang, an' I aye like her yet;
My poor heart may wither, may waste to its core,
But forget her, oh never! the lass o' Kintore!
Oh the wood o' Kintore, the holmes o' Kintore!
The love-lichtin' e'e that I ken at Kintore;
I 'll wander afar, an' I 'll never look more
On the gray glance o' Peggy, or bonnie Kintore!

MY HAMELESS HA'.

Oh! how can I be cheerie in this hameless ha'?
The very sun glints eerie on the gilded wa';
An' aye the nicht sae drearie,
Ere the dowie morn daw,
Whan I canna win to see you,
My Jamie, ava'.

Though mony miles between us, an' far, far frae me,
The bush that wont to screen us frae the cauld warl's e'e,
Its leaves may waste and wither,
But its branches winna fa';
An' hearts may haud thegither,
Though frien's drap awa'.

Ye promised to speak o' me to the lanesome moon,
An' weird kind wishes to me, in the lark's saft soun';
I doat upon that moon
Till my very heart fills fu',
An' aye yon birdie's tune
Gars me greet for you.

Then how can I be cheerie in the stranger's ha'?
A gowden prison drearie, my luckless fa'!
'Tween leavin' o' you, Jamie,
An' ills that sorrow me,
I'm wearie o' the warl',
An' carena though I dee.

WILLIAM GLEN.*

WILLIAM GLEN, whose name simply has hitherto been known to the lovers of Scottish song, is entitled to an honourable place in the song-literature of his country. His progenitors were persons of consideration in the county of Renfrew.† His father, Alexander Glen, a Glasgow merchant in the Russian trade, married Jane Burns, sister of the Rev. Dr Burns, minister of Renfrew; and of a family of three sons, the poet was the eldest. He was born in Queen Street, Glasgow, on the 14th of November 1789. In 1803, when the regiment of Glasgow Volunteer Sharp-shooters was formed, he joined the corps as a lieutenant. He afterwards followed the mercantile profession, and engaged in the West India trade. For some time he resided in one of the West India islands. In 1814 he became one of the managers of the "Merchants' House" of Glasgow, and also a director of the "Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures." Dur-

* To Mr James C. Roger, of Glasgow, we have to acknowledge our obligations for much diligent inquiry on the subject of this memoir.

† Allanus Glen, *armiger*, is witness to an instrument conveying the fishing of Crockat-shot to the "Monks of Pasly," in 1452. James Glen, the successor of this person, obtained from Robert, abbot of Paisley, the lands of Bar, Bridge-end, and Lyntchels, within the Lordship of Paisley. James Glen of Bar joined the troops of Queen Mary at the battle of Langside, for which act he was forfeited by the Regent, but was restored in 1573 by the treaty of Perth. Archibald Glen, a younger son of the proprietor of Bar, was minister of Carmunnock, and died in February 1614. Of two sons, Robert, the eldest, succeeded him in the living of Carmunnock; the other, named Thomas, was a prosperous trader in the Saltmarket of Glasgow; he died in 1735. His son Alexander was the poet's father.

ing the same year, being unfortunate in merchandise, he was induced to abandon the concerns of business. He afterwards derived the means of support from an uncle who resided in Russia; but his circumstances were ultimately much clouded by misfortune. During the last eight years of his career, his summers were spent at Reinagour, in the parish of Aberfoyle, where he resided with an uncle of his wife. After several years of delicate health, he died in Edwin Place, Gorbals, Glasgow, in December 1826. His widow and daughter continue to reside at Craigmuick, parish of Aberfoyle.

William Glen was about six feet in height; his person, which was originally slender, afterwards became portly. He was of a fair complexion, and his countenance generally wore a smile. His manners were pleasing, and he cherished a keen relish for congenial society. In 1815 he published a thin duodecimo volume of verses, entitled "Poems, chiefly Lyrical;" but the majority of his metrical compositions seem to have been confined to his repositories. A quarto volume of his MSS., numbered "Volume Third," is now in the possession of Mr Gabriel Neil of Glasgow, who has kindly made it available in the preparation of this work. Interspersed with the poetry in the MS. volume, are pious reflections on the trials and disappointments incident to human life; with some spirited appeals to those fair ones who at different times had attracted the poet's fancy. Of his songs inserted in the present work, seven have been printed from the MS. volume, and the two last from the printed volume. Four of the songs have not been previously published. The whole are pervaded by simplicity and exquisite pathos. The song, "Waes me for Prince Charlie," is one of the most touching and popular of modern Jacobite ditties.

WAES ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.*

TUNE—"*Johnnie Faa.*"

A WEE bird cam to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet an' clearly,
An' aye the owercome o' his sang
Was, "Waes me for Prince Charlie."
Oh! whan I heard the bonnie soun',
The tears cam drappin' rarely;
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are thae some words ye 've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dule an' sorrow?"
"Oh, no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I 've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic' a day o' wind and rain!—
Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie.

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger;
On every side he 's press'd by want,
On every side is danger.
Yestreen I saw him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie.

* This song is understood to be a favourite with her present Majesty.

"Dark night cam on, the tempest roar'd
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys;
An' whare wast that your Prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie."

But now the bird saw some red-coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger:
"Oh! this is no a land for me,
I 'll tarry here nae langer."
He hover'd on the wing a while,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the farewell strain
Was, "Waes me for Prince Charlie."

MARY OF SWEET ABERFOYLE.*

THE sun hadna peep'd frae behint the dark billow,
The slow sinking moon half illumined the scene;
As I lifted my head frae my care-haunted pillow,
An' wander'd to muse on the days that were gane.
Sweet hope seem'd to smile o'er ideas romantic,
An' gay were the dreams that my soul would beguile;
But my eyes fill'd wi' tears as I view'd the Atlantic,
An' thought on my Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

* This song was composed while the author resided in the West Indies. It is here printed for the first time.

Though far frae my hame in a tropical wildwood,
  Yet the fields o' my forefathers rose on my view;
An' I wept when I thought on the days of my childhood,
  An' the vision was painful the brighter it grew.
Sweet days! when my bosom with rapture was swelling,
  Though I knew it not then, it was love made me smile;
Oh! the snaw wreath is pure where the moonbeams are
    dwelling,
  Yet as pure is my Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

Now far in the east the sun slowly rising,
  Brightly gilded the top of the tall cabbage tree;
And sweet was the scene such wild beauties comprising,
  As might have fill'd the sad mourner with rapture and
    glee.
But my heart felt nae rapture, nae pleasant emotion,
  The saft springs o' pleasure had lang, lang been seal'd;
I thought on my home 'cross a wide stormy ocean,
  And wept for my Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

The orange was bathed in the dews o' the morning,
  An' the bright draps bespangled the clustering vine;
White were the blossoms the lime-tree adorning,
  An' brown was the apple that grew on the pine.
Were I as free as an Indian chieftain,
  Sic beautiful scenes might give pleasure the while;
But the joy o' a slave is aye waverin' an' shiftin',
  An' a slave I 'm to Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

When the mirk cloud o' fortune aboon my head gathers,
  An' the golden shower fa's whare it ne'er fell before;
Oh! then I 'll revisit the land of my fathers,
  An' clasp to this bosom the lass I adore.

Hear me, ye angels, who watch o'er my maiden,
(Like ane o' yoursels she is free frae a' guile),
Pure as was love in the garden o' Eden,
Sae pure is my Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

THE BATTLE-SONG.*

RAISE high the battle-song
To the heroes of our land;
Strike the bold notes loud and long
To Great Britain's warlike band.
Burst away like a whirlwind of flame,
Wild as the lightning's wing;
Strike the boldest, sweetest string,
And deathless glory sing—
To their fame.

See Corunna's bloody bed!
'Tis a sad, yet glorious scene;
There the imperial eagle fled,
And there our chief was slain.
Green be the turf upon the warrior's breast,
High honour seal'd his doom,
And eternal laurels bloom
Round the poor and lowly tomb
Of his rest.

Strong was his arm of might,
When the war-flag was unfurl'd;
But his soul when peace shone bright,
Beam'd love to all the world.

* Printed for the first time, from the author's MS. volume.

And his name, through endless ages shall endure;
High deeds are written fair,
In that scroll, which time must spare,
And thy fame 's recorded there—
Noble Moore.

Yonder 's Barossa's height
Rising full upon my view,
Where was fought the bloodiest fight
That Iberia ever knew,
Where Albion's bold sons to victory were led.
With bay'nets levell'd low,
They rush'd upon the foe,
Like an avalanche of snow
From its bed.

Sons of the "Lonely Isle,"
Your native courage rose,
When surrounded for a while
By the thousands of your foes.
But dauntless was your chief, that meteor of war,
He resistless led ye on,
Till the bloody field was won,
And the dying battle-groan
Sunk afar.

Our song Balgowan share,
Home of the chieftain's rest;
For thou art a lily fair
In Caledonia's breast.
Breathe, sweetly breathe, a soft love-soothing strain,
For beauty there doth dwell,
In the mountain, flood, or fell,
And throws her witching spell
O'er the scene.

But not Balgowan's charms
Could lure the chief to stay;
For the foe were up in arms,
In a country far away.
He rush'd to battle, and he won his fame;
Ages may pass by,
Fleet as the summer's sigh,
But thy name shall never die—
Gallant Græme.*

Strike again the boldest strings,
To our great commander's praise;
Who to our memory brings
"The deeds of other days."
Peal for a lofty spirit-stirring strain;
The blaze of hope illumes
Iberia's deepest glooms,
And the eagle shakes his plumes
There in vain.

High is the foemen's pride,
For they are sons of war;
But our chieftain rolls the tide,
Of battle back afar.
A braver hero in the field ne'er shone;
Let bards with loud acclaim,
Heap laurels on his fame,
"Singing glory" to the name
Of Wellington.

* The "gallant Græme," Lord Lynedoch, on hearing this song at a Glasgow theatre, was so moved by the touching reference of the poet to his achievements, and the circumstances of his joining the army, that he openly burst into tears.

Could I with soul of fire
Guide my wild unsteady hand,
I would strike the quivering wire,
Till it rung throughout the land.
Of all its warlike heroes would I sing;
Were powers to soar thus given,
By the blast of genius driven,
I would sweep the highest heaven
With my wing.

Yet still this trembling flight
May point a bolder way,
Ere the lonely beam of night
Steals on my setting day.
Till then, sweet harp, hang on the willow tree;
And when I come again,
Thou wilt not sound in vain,
For I 'll strike thy highest strain—
Bold and free.

THE MAID OF ORONSEY.*

Oh! stopna, bonnie bird, that strain,
Frae hopeless love itsel' it flows;
Sweet bird, oh! warble it again,
Thou'st touch'd the string o' a' my woes;
Oh! lull me with it to repose,
I 'll dream of her who 's far away,
And fancy, as my eyelids close,
Will meet the maid of Oronsey.

* Printed for the first time.

Couldst thou but learn frae me my grief,
Sweet bird, thou 'dst leave thy native grove,
And fly to bring my soul relief,
To where my warmest wishes rove;
Soft as the cooings of the dove,
Thou 'dst sing thy sweetest, saddest lay,
And melt to pity and to love
The bonnie maid of Oronsey.

Well may I sigh and sairly weep,
The song sad recollections bring;
Oh! fly across the roaring deep,
And to my maiden sweetly sing;
'Twill to her faithless bosom fling
Remembrance of a sacred day;
But feeble is thy wee bit wing,
And far 's the isle of Oronsey.

Then, bonnie bird, wi' mony a tear,
I 'll mourn beside this hoary thorn,
And thou wilt find me sitting here,
Ere thou canst hail the dawn o' morn;
Then high on airy pinions borne,
Thou 'lt chant a sang o' love an' wae,
An' soothe me, weeping at the scorn,
Of the sweet maid of Oronsey.

And when around my weary head,
Soft pillow'd where my fathers lie,
Death shall eternal poppies spread,
An' close for aye my tearfu' eye;
Perch'd on some bonnie branch on high,
Thou 'lt sing thy sweetest roundelay,
And soothe my "spirit, passing by"
To meet the maid of Oronsey.

JESS M'LEAN.*

Her eyes were red with weeping,
  Her lover was no more,
Beneath the billows sleeping,
  Near Ireland's rocky shore;
She oft pray'd for her Willy,
  But it was all in vain,
And pale as any lily
  Grew lovely Jess M'Lean.

She sat beside some willows
  That overhung the sea,
And as she view'd the billows,
  She moan'd most piteously;
The storm in all its rigour
  Swept the bosom of the main,
And shook the sylph-like figure
  Of lovely Jess M'Lean.

Her auburn hair was waving
  In ringlets on the gale,
And the tempest join'd its raving,
  To the hapless maiden's wail;
Wild was the storm's commotion,
  Yet careless of the scene,
Like the spirit of the ocean
  Sat lovely Jess M'Lean.

* Printed for the first time.

She look'd upon her bosom
  Where Willy's picture hung,
'Twas like a rosy blossom
  On a bed of lilies flung;
She kiss'd the red cheeks over,
  And look'd, and kiss'd again;
Then told the winds her lover
  Was true to Jess M'Lean.

But a blast like bursting thunder
  Bent down each willow tree,
Snapp'd the picture clasp asunder,
  And flung it in the sea;
She started from the willows
  The image to regain,
And low beneath the billows
  Lies lovely Jess M'Lean.

Her bones are changed to coral
  Of the purest virgin white,
Her teeth are finest pearl,
  And her eyes are diamonds bright;
The breeze oft sweeps the willows
  In a sad and mournful strain,
And moaning o'er the billows
  Sings the dirge of Jess M'Lean.

HOW EERILY, HOW DREARILY.

How eerily, how drearily, how wearily to pine,
When my love 's in a foreign land, far frae thae arms o'
  mine;

Three years hae come an' gane, sin' first he said to me,
That he wad stay at hame wi' Jean, wi' her to live an' dee;
The day comes in wi' sorrow now, the night is wild an' drear,
An' every hour that passes by I water wi' a tear.

I kiss my bonnie baby, I clasp it to my breast,
Ah! aft wi' sic a warm embrace, it's father hath me press'd!
An' whan I gaze upon its face, as it lies on my knee,
The crystal draps upon its cheeks will fa' frae ilka ee;
Oh! mony a, mony a burning tear upon its cheeks will fa',
For oh! its like my bonnie love, and he is far awa'.

Whan the spring time had gane by, an' the rose began to blaw,
An' the harebell an' the violet adorn'd ilk bonnie shaw;
'Twas then my love cam courtin' me, and wan my youthfu' heart,
An' mony a tear it cost my love ere he could frae me part;
But though he 's in a foreign land far, far across the sea,
I ken my Jamie's guileless heart is faithfu' unto me.

Ye wastlin win's upon the main blaw wi' a steady breeze,
And waft my Jamie hame again across the roaring seas;
Oh! whan he clasps me in his arms in a' his manly pride,
I 'll ne'er exchange that ae embrace for a' the warl' beside;
Then blaw a steady gale, ye win's, waft him across the sea,
And bring my Jamie hame again to his wee bairn an' me.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.*

AIR—"*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

SING a' ye bards, wi' loud acclaim,
High glory gie to gallant Graham,
Heap laurels on our marshal's fame
Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.
Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
An' raised her stately form again,
Whan the British lion shook his mane
On the mountains of Vittoria.

Let blustering Suchet crousely crack,
Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
An' Jourdan wish his baton back
He left upon Vittoria.
If e'er they meet their worthy king,
Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
An' some Scots piper play the spring
He blew them at Vittoria.

Gie truth and honour to the Dane,
Gie German's monarch heart and brain,
But aye in sic a cause as Spain
Gie Britain a Vittoria.
The English rose was ne'er sae red,
The shamrock waved whare glory led,
An' the Scottish thistle rear'd its head
In joy upon Vittoria.

* At the battle of Vittoria, the 71st, or Glasgow Regiment, bore a distinguished part. On this song, celebrating their achievements, being produced at the Glasgow theatre, it was received with rapturous applause; it was nightly called for during the season.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Whare thousands fought an' many fell,
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
At the battle of Vittoria.
The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maistly wede awa',
An' cauld an' pale as wreathes o' snaw
They lie upon Vittoria.

Peace to the souls, then, o' the brave,
Let all their trophies for them wave,
And green be our Cadogan's grave
Upon thy fields, Vittoria.
Shout on, my boys, your glasses drain,
And fill a bumper up again,
Pledge to the leading star o' Spain,
The hero of Vittoria.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

AIR—"*Blink over the burn, sweet Betty.*"

BLINK over the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn to me;
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
An' I 'll gang alang wi' thee;
Though father and mither forbade it,
Forbidden I wadna be;
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
An' I 'll gang alang wi' thee.

The cheek o' my love 's like the rose-bud,
  Blushing red wi' the mornin' dew,
Her hair 's o' the loveliest auburn,
  Her ee 's o' the bonniest blue;
Her lips are like threads o' the scarlet,
  Disclosing a pearly row;
Her high-swelling, love-heaving bosom
  Is white as the mountain snow.

But it isna her beauty that hauds me,
  A glitterin' chain winna lang bind;
'Tis her heavenly seraph-like sweetness,
  An' the graces adornin' her mind;
She 's dear to my soul as the sunbeam
  Is dear to the summer's morn,
An' she says, though her father forbade it,
  She 'll ne'er break the vows she has sworn.

Her father's a canker'd auld carle,
  He swears he will ne'er gie consent;
Such carles should never get daughters,
  Unless they can mak them content;
But she says, though her father forbade it,
  Forbidden she winna be;
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
  An' I 'll gang alang wi' thee.

FAREWEEL TO ABERFOYLE.

AIR—"*Highland Plaid.*"

MY tortured bosom long shall feel
The pangs o' this last sad fareweel;

Far, far to foreign lands I stray,
To spend my hours in deepest wae;
Fareweel, my dear, my native soil,
Fareweel, the braes o' Aberfoyle!

An' fare-ye-weel, my winsome love,
Into whatever lands I rove,
Thou 'lt claim the deepest, dearest sigh,
The warmest tear ere wet my eye;
An' when I 'm wan'rin' mony a mile,
I 'll mourn for Kate o' Aberfoyle.

When far upon the raging sea,
As thunders roar, and lightnings flee,
When sweepin' storms the ship assail,
I 'll bless the music o' the gale,
An' think, while listenin' a' the while,
I hear the storms o' Aberfoyle.

Kitty, my only love, fareweel;
What pangs my faithfu' heart will feel,
While straying through the Indian groves,
Weepin' our woes or early loves;
I 'll ne'er mair see my native soil,
Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Aberfoyle!

DAVID VEDDER.

DAVID VEDDER was the son of a small landowner in the parish of Burness, Orkney, where he was born in 1790. He had the misfortune to lose both his parents ere he had completed his twelfth year, and was led to choose the nautical profession. At the age of twenty-two, he obtained the rank of captain of a vessel, in which he performed several voyages to Greenland. In 1815, he entered the revenue service as first officer of an armed cruiser, and in five years afterwards was raised to the post of tide-surveyor. He first discharged the duties of this office at Montrose, and subsequently at the ports of Kirkcaldy, Dundee, and Leith.

A writer of verses from his boyhood, Vedder experienced agreeable relaxation from his arduous duties as a seaman, in the invocation of the muse. He sung of the grandeur and terrors of the ocean. His earlier compositions were contributed to some of the northern newspapers; but before he attained his majority, his productions found admission into the periodicals. In 1826, he published "The Covenanter's Communion, and other Poems," a work which was very favourably received. His reputation as a poet was extended by the publication, in 1832, of a second volume, under the title of "Orcadian Sketches." This work, a *melange* of prose and poetry, contains some of his best compositions in verse; and several of the prose sketches are remarkable for fine and forcible description. In 1839, he edited the "Poetical Remains of Robert Fraser," prefaced with an interesting memoir.

Immediately on the death of Sir Walter Scott, Vedder published a memoir of that illustrious person, which commanded a ready and wide circulation. In 1842, he gave to the world an edition of his collected poems, in an elegant duodecimo volume. In 1848, he supplied the letterpress for a splendid volume, entitled "Lays and Lithographs," published by his son-in-law, Mr Frederick Schenck of Edinburgh, the distinguished lithographer. His last work was a new English version of the quaint old story of "Reynard the Fox," which was published with elegant illustrations. To many of the more popular magazines and serials he was in the habit of contributing; articles from his pen adorned the pages of *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine*, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, the *Christian Herald*, *Tait's Magazine*, and *Chambers's Journal*. He wrote the letterpress for Geikie's volume of "Etchings," and furnished songs for George Thomson's "Musical Miscellany," Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," and Robertson's "Whistlebinkie." At the time of his death, he was engaged in the preparation of a ballad on the subject of the persecutions of the Covenanters. In 1852, he was placed upon the retired list of revenue officers, and thereafter established his residence in Edinburgh. He died at Newington, in that city, on the 11th February 1854, in his 64th year. His remains were interred in the Southern Cemetery.

Considerably above the middle height, Vedder was otherwise of massive proportions, while his full open countenance was much bronzed by exposure to the weather. Of beneficent dispositions and social habits, he enjoyed the friendship of many of his gifted contemporaries. Thoroughly earnest, his writings partake of the bold and straightforward nature of his character.

Some of his prose productions are admirable specimens of vigorous composition; and his poetry, if not characterised by uniformity of power, never descends into weakness. Triumphant in humour, he is eminently a master of the plaintive; his tender pieces breathe a deep-toned cadence, and his sacred lyrics are replete with devotional fervour. His Norse ballads are resonant with the echoes of his birth-land, and his songs are to be remarked for their deep pathos and genuine simplicity.

JEANIE'S WELCOME HAME.

LET wrapt musicians strike the lyre,
While plaudits shake the vaulted fane;
Let warriors rush through flood and fire,
A never-dying name to gain;
Let bards, on fancy's fervid wing,
Pursue some high or holy theme:
Be 't mine, in simple strains, to sing
My darling Jeanie 's welcome hame!

Sweet is the morn of flowery May,
When incense breathes from heath and wold—
When laverocks hymn the matin lay,
And mountain peaks are bathed in gold—
And swallows, frae some foreign strand,
Are wheeling o'er the winding stream;
But sweeter to extend my hand,
And bid my Jeanie welcome hame!

Poor collie, our auld-farrant dog,
Will bark wi' joy whene'er she comes;
And baudrons, on the ingle rug,
Will blithely churm at "auld gray-thrums."
The mavis, frae our apple-tree,
Shall warble forth a joyous strain;
The blackbird's mellow minstrelsy
Shall welcome Jeanie hame again!

Like dew-drops on a fading rose,
Maternal tears shall start for thee,
And low-breathed blessings rise like those
Which soothed thy slumb'ring infancy.

Come to my arms, my timid dove!
I 'll kiss thy beauteous brow once more;
The fountain of thy father's love
Is welling all its banks out o'er!

I NEITHER GOT PROMISE OF SILLER.

AIR—"*Todlin' hame.*"

I NEITHER got promise of siller nor land
With the bonnie wee darling who gave me her hand;
But I got a kind heart with my sweet blushing bride,
And that 's proved the bliss of my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my dear fireside,
There 's happiness aye at my ain fireside!

Ambition once pointed my view towards rank,
To meadows and manors, and gold in the bank:
'Twas but for an hour; and I cherish with pride
My sweet lovely flower at my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my happy fireside,
My Jeanie 's the charm of my ain fireside!

Her accents are music; there 's grace in her air;
And purity reigns in her bosom so fair;
She 's lovelier now than in maidenly pride,
Though she 's long been the joy of my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my happy fireside,
There 's harmony still at my ain fireside!

Let the minions of fortune and fashion go roam,
I 'm content with the sweet, simple pleasures of home;
Though their wine, wit, and humour flow like a spring-tide,
What are these to the bliss of my dear fireside?
My ain fireside, my cheerie fireside,
There are pleasures untold at my ain fireside!

THERE IS A PANG FOR EVERY HEART.

AIR—"*Gramachree.*"

THERE is a pang for every heart,
A tear for every eye;
There is a knell for every ear,
For every breast a sigh.
There 's anguish in the happiest state,
Humanity can prove;
But oh! the torture of the soul
Is unrequited love!

The reptile haunts the sweetest bower,
The rose blooms on the thorn;
There 's poison in the fairest flower
That greets the opening morn.
The hemlock and the night-shade spring
In garden and in grove;
But oh! the upas of the soul
Is unrequited love!

Ah! lady, thine inconstancy
Hath made my peace depart;
The unwonted coldness of thine eye
Hath froze thy lover's heart.

Yet with the fibres of that heart
  Thine image dear is wove;
Nor can they sever till I die
  Of unrequited love!

THE FIRST OF MAY.

AIR—"*The Braes of Balquhidder.*"

Now the beams of May morn
  On the mountains are streaming,
And the dews on the corn
  Are like diamond-drops gleaming;
And the birds from the bowers
  Are in gladness ascending;
And the breath of sweet flowers
  With the zephyrs is blending.

And the rose-linnet's thrill,
  Overflowing with gladness,
And the wood-pigeon's bill,
  Though their notes seem of sadness;
And the jessamine rich
  Its soft tendrils is shooting,
From pear and from peach
  The bright blossoms are sprouting.

And the lambs on the lea
  Are in playfulness bounding,
And the voice of the sea
  Is in harmony sounding;

And the streamlet on high
In the morning beam dances,
For all Nature is joy
As sweet summer advances.

Then, my Mary, let 's stray
Where the wild-flowers are glowing,
By the banks of the Tay
In its melody flowing;
Thou shalt bathe in May-dew,
Like a sweet mountain blossom,
For 'tis bright like thy brow,
And 'tis pure as thy bosom!

SONG OF THE SCOTTISH EXILE.

Oh! the sunny peaches glow,
And the grapes in clusters blush;
And the cooling silver streams
From their sylvan fountains rush;
There is music in the grove,
And there 's fragrance on the gale;
But there 's nought so dear to me
As my own Highland vale.

Oh! the queen-like virgin rose,
Of the dew and sunlight born,
And the azure violet,
Spread their beauties to the morn;

So does the hyacinth,
And the lily pure and pale;
But I love the daisy best
In my own Highland vale.

Hark! hark! those thrilling notes!
'Tis the nightingale complains;
Oh! the soul of music breathes
In those more than plaintive strains;
But they 're not so dear to me
As the murmur of the rill,
And the bleating of the lambs
On my own Highland hill.

Oh! the flow'rets fair may glow,
And the juicy fruits may blush,
And the beauteous birds may sing,
And the crystal streamlets rush;
And the verdant meads may smile,
And the cloudless sun may beam,
But there 's nought beneath the skies
Like my own Highland home.

THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

AIR—"*He 's dear to me, though far frae me.*"

THE tempest is raging
And rending the shrouds;
The ocean is waging
A war with the clouds;

The cordage is breaking,
The canvas is torn,
The timbers are creaking—
The seamen forlorn.

The water is gushing
Through hatches and seams;
'Tis roaring and rushing
O'er keelson and beams;
And nought save the lightning
On mainmast or boom,
At intervals brightening
The palpable gloom.

Though horrors beset me,
And hurricanes howl,
I may not forget thee,
Beloved of my soul!
Though soon I must perish
In ocean beneath,
Thine image I'll cherish,
Adored one! in death.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.*

Talk not of temples—there is one
Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven;

* This admirable composition was an especial favourite of Dr Thomas Chalmers, who was in the habit of quoting it to his students in the course of his theological prelections.

Its walls are the cerulean sky,
  Its floor the earth so green and fair;
The dome is vast immensity—
  All nature worships there!

The Alps array'd in stainless snow,
  The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
  Like altar-fires to God.
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
  As if with hallow'd victims rare;
And thunder lifts its voice in praise—
  All nature worships there!

The ocean heaves resistlessly,
  And pours his glittering treasure forth;
His waves—the priesthood of the sea—
  Kneel on the shell-gemm'd earth,
And there emit a hollow sound,
  As if they murmur'd praise and prayer;
On every side 'tis holy ground—
  All nature worships there!

The grateful earth her odours yield
  In homage, Mighty One! to thee;
From herbs and flowers in every field,
  From fruit on every tree,
The balmy dew at morn and even
  Seems like the penitential tear,
Shed only in the sight of heaven—
  All nature worships there!

The cedar and the mountain pine,
  The willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine,
  In reverence bend to Him;
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays,
  From tower, and tree, and middle air;
The rushing river murmurs praise—
  All nature worships there!

Then talk not of a fane, save one
  Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
  And all the stars of heaven.
Its walls are the cerulean sky,
  Its floor the earth so green and fair,
The dome is vast immensity—
  All nature worships there!

JOHN M'DIARMID.

THE son of the Rev. Hugh M'Diarmid, minister of the Gaelic church, Glasgow, John M'Diarmid was born in 1790. He received in Edinburgh a respectable elementary education; but, deprived of his father at an early age, he was left unaided to push his fortune in life. For some time he acted as clerk in connexion with a bleachfield at Roslin, and subsequently held a situation in the Commercial Bank in Edinburgh. He now attended some classes in the University, while his other spare time was devoted to reading and composition. During two years he was employed in the evenings as amanuensis to Professor Playfair. At one of the College debating societies he improved himself as a public speaker, and subsequently took an active part in the discussions of the "Forum." Fond of verse-making, he composed some spirited lines on the battle of Waterloo, when the first tidings of the victory inspired a thrilling interest in the public mind; the consequence was, the immediate establishment of his reputation. His services were sought by several of the leading publishers, and the accomplished editor of the *Edinburgh Review* offered to receive contributions from his pen. In 1816 he compiled some works for the bookselling firm of Oliver and Boyd, and towards the end of the same year, in concert with his friends Charles Maclaren and William Ritchie, originated the *Scotsman* newspaper. In January 1817, he accepted

the editorship of the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*—a journal which, established in 1809 by Dr Duncan of Ruthwell, chiefly with the view of advocating his scheme of savings' banks, had hitherto been conducted by that ingenious and philanthropic individual.

As editor of a provincial newspaper, M'Diarmid was possessed of the promptitude and business-habits which, in connexion with literary ability, are essential for such an office. The *Dumfries Courier*, which had formerly occupied a neutrality in politics, became, under his management, a powerful organ of the liberal party. But the editor was more than a politician; the columns of his journal were enriched with illustrations of the natural history of the district, and sent forth stirring appeals on subjects of social reformation and agricultural improvement. Devoted to his duties as a journalist, he continued to cherish his literary enthusiasm. In 1817 he published an edition of Cowper, with an elegant memoir of the poet's life. "The Scrap-Book," a work of selections and original contributions in prose and verse, appeared in 1820, and was speedily followed by a second volume. In 1823 he composed a memoir of Goldsmith for an edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield," which was published in Edinburgh. The *Dumfries Magazine* was originated under his auspices in 1825, and during the three years of its existence was adorned with contributions from his pen. In 1830 he published "Sketches from Nature," a volume chiefly devoted to the illustration of scenery and character in the districts of Dumfries and Galloway. "The Picture of Dumfries," an illustrated work, appeared in 1832. A description of Moffat, and a life of Nicholson, the Galloway poet, complete the catalogue of his publications. In 1820 he was offered the editorship of the *Caledonian Mercury*, the first

established of the Scottish newspapers, but preferred to remain in Dumfries. He ultimately became sole proprietor of the *Courier*, which, under his superintendence, acquired a celebrity rarely attained by a provincial newspaper. In 1847 he was entertained at a public dinner by his fellow-townsmen. His death took place at Dumfries, on the 18th November 1852, in his sixty-third year.

A man of social and generous dispositions, M'Diarmid was esteemed among a wide circle of friends; he was in habits of intimacy with Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Wilson, Lockhart, the Ettrick Shepherd, Dr Thomas Gillespie, and many others of his distinguished contemporaries. To his kindly patronage, many young men of genius were indebted for positions of honour and emolument. An elegant prose-writer, his compositions in verse are pervaded by a graceful smoothness and lively fancy.

NITHSIDE.

AIR—"*There 's a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard.*"

WHEN the lark is in the air, the leaf upon the tree,
The butterfly disporting beside the hummel bee;
The scented hedges white, the fragrant meadows pied,
How sweet it is to wander by bonnie Nithside!

When the blackbird piping loud the mavis strives to drown,
And schoolboys seeking nests find each nursling fledged or flown,
To hop 'mong plots and borders, array'd in all their pride,
How sweet at dewy morn to roam by bonnie Nithside!

When the flies are on the stream, 'neath a sky of azure hue,
And anglers take their stand by the waters bright and blue;
While the coble circles pools, where the monarch salmon glide,
Surpassing sweet on summer days is bonnie Nithside!

When the corncraik's voice is mute, as her young begin to flee,
And seek with swifts and martins some home beyond the sea;
And reapers crowd the harvest-field, in man and maiden pride,
How exquisite the golden hours on bonnie Nithside!

When stubbles yield to tilth, and woodlands brown and
sear,
The falling leaf and crispy pool proclaim the waning
year;
And sounds of sylvan pastime ring through our valley
wide,
Vicissitude itself is sweet by bonnie Nithside!

And when winter comes at last, capping every hill with
snow,
And freezing into icy plains the struggling streams below,
You still may share the curler's joys, and find at even-
tide,
Maids sweet and fair, in spence and ha', at bonnie Nith-
side!

EVENING.

HUSH, ye songsters! day is done,
See how sweet the setting sun
Gilds the welkin's boundless breast,
Smiling as he sinks to rest;
Now the swallow down the dell,
Issuing from her noontide cell,
Mocks the deftest marksman's aim
Jumbling in fantastic game:
Sweet inhabitant of air,
Sure thy bosom holds no care;
Not the fowler full of wrath,
Skilful in the deeds of death—

Not the darting hawk on high
(Ruthless tyrant of the sky!)
Owns one art of cruelty
Fit to fell or fetter thee,
Gayest, freest of the free!

Ruling, whistling shrill on high,
Where yon turrets kiss the sky,
Teasing with thy idle din
Drowsy daws at rest within;
Long thou lov'st to sport and spring
On thy never-wearying wing.
Lower now 'midst foliage cool
Swift thou skimm'st the peaceful pool,
Where the speckled trout at play,
Rising, shares thy dancing prey,
While the treach'rous circles swell
Wide and wider where it fell,
Guiding sure the angler's arm
Where to find the puny swarm;
And with artificial fly,
Best to lure the victim's eye,
Till, emerging from the brook,
Brisk it bites the barbed hook;
Struggling in the unequal strife,
With its death, disguised as life,
Till it breathless beats the shore
Ne'er to cleave the current more!

Peace! creation's gloomy queen,
Darkest Night, invests the scene!
Silence, Evening's handmaid mild,
Leaves her home amid the wild,

Tripping soft with dewy feet,
Summer's flowery carpet sweet,
Morpheus—drowsy power—to meet.
Ruler of the midnight hour,
In thy plenitude of power,
From this burthen'd bosom throw
Half its leaden load of woe.
Since thy envied art supplies
What reality denies,
Let thy cheerless suppliant see
Dreams of bliss inspired by thee—
Let before his wond'ring eyes
Fancy's brightest visions rise—
Long lost happiness restore,
None can need thy bounty more.

PETER BUCHAN.

THE indefatigable collector of the elder national minstrelsy, Peter Buchan, was born in Peterhead in the year 1790. Of a somewhat distinguished descent, he was on the father's side remotely connected with the noble house of Buchan, and his mother was a lineal descendant of the Irvines of Drum, an old powerful family in Aberdeenshire. Though he was disposed to follow a seafaring life, and had obtained a commission in the Navy, he abandoned his early intentions at the urgent solicitation of his parents, and thereafter employed himself as a copperplate engraver, and was the inventor of an ingenious revolving press for copperplate printing. At Edinburgh and Stirling, he afterwards qualified himself for the business of a letterpress printer, and in 1816 opened a printing-office in his native town. In 1819, he compiled the "Annals of Peterhead," a duodecimo volume, which he printed at a press of his own contrivance. His next publication appeared shortly after, under the title, "An Historical Account of the Ancient and Noble Family of Keith, Earls-Marischal of Scotland."

After a period of residence in London, where he held for some time a remunerative situation, Buchan returned to his native town. In the metropolis, he had been painfully impressed by the harsh treatment frequently inflicted on the inferior animals, and as a corrective for the evil, he published at Peterhead, in 1824, a treatise, dedicated to his son, in which he endeavoured to prove that brutes are possessed of souls, and are immortal. His succeeding publication, which appeared in 1828, proved the most successful effort of his life; it was entitled,

"Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, hitherto Unpublished, with Explanatory Notes," Edinburgh, two vols. 8vo. This work occupied upwards of ten years in preparation. Among his other publications may be enumerated, a volume of "Poems and Songs," printed in 1814; "The Peterhead Smugglers, an original Melodrama," published in 1834; "The Eglinton Tournament, &c.;" "Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads;" and the "Wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart and Miss Flora Macdonald," the latter being published from an old MS.

At different periods Buchan resided in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. For a short period he owned the small property of Buchanstone, near Dennyloanhead, Stirlingshire, which being sold, he proceeded to Ireland in 1852, where he resided for some time at Strandhill, county of Leitrim. In the early part of 1854, he went to London, with the view of effecting arrangements for the publication of another volume of "Ancient Scottish Ballads;" he was there seized with illness, of which he died on the 19th September of the same year. His remains were interred in the beautiful cemetery of Norwood, near London.

Mr Buchan was justly esteemed as a zealous and industrious collector of the elder Scottish minstrelsy. His labours received the special commendation of Sir Walter Scott, and he was a frequent guest at Abbotsford. He was also honoured with diplomas of membership from some of the leading literary societies of Scotland and England. Two unpublished volumes of his "Ballad Collections" are now in the possession of Dr Charles Mackay of London, and may at a future period be submitted to the public. His son, the Rev. Dr Charles Forbes Buchan, minister of Fordoun, is the author of several theological publications.

THOU GLOOMY FEBERWAR.*

THOU cauld gloomy Feberwar,
Oh! gin thou wert awa'!
I 'm wae to hear thy soughin' winds,
I 'm wae to see thy snaw;
For my bonnie, braw, young Hielandman,
The lad I lo'e sae dear,
Has vow'd to come and see me
In the spring o' the year.

A silken ban' he gae me,
To bin' my gowden hair;
A siller brooch and tartan plaid,
A' for his sake to wear;
And oh! my heart was like to break,
(For partin' sorrow 's sair)
As he vow'd to come and see me
In the spring o' the year.

Aft, aft as gloamin' dims the sky,
I wander out alane,
Whare bud the bonnie yellow whins,
Around the trystin' stane;
'Twas there he press'd me to his heart,
And kiss'd awa' the tear,
As he vow'd to come and see me
In the spring o' the year.

* The first stanza of this song is the composition of Robert Tannahill.

Ye gentle breezes, saftly blaw,
  And cleed anew the wuds;
Ye laverocks lilt your cheerie sangs,
  Amang the fleecy cluds;
Till Feberwar and a' his train,
  Affrighted disappear,
I 'll hail wi' you the blithesome change,
  The spring-time o' the year.

WILLIAM FINLAY.

WILLIAM FINLAY was the son of an operative shawl manufacturer in Paisley, where he was born in 1792. He received a classical education at the Grammar-school, and was afterwards apprenticed to his father's trade. For a period of twenty years he prosecuted the labours of the loom; but finding the occupation injurious to his health, he accepted employment in the cotton mills of Duntocher. He afterwards obtained a situation in a printing-office in Paisley, where he remained during eight years. Ultimately, he was employed at Nethercraigs' bleachfield, at the base of Gleniffer braes, about two miles to the south of Paisley. He died of fever on the 5th November 1847, leaving a family of five children.

Finlay was in the practice of contributing verses to the local prints. In 1846, he published a duodecimo volume, entitled, "Poems, Humorous and Sentimental." His poetical characteristics are simplicity and pathos, combined with considerable power of satirical drollery. Delighting in music, and fond of society, he was occasionally led to indulge in excesses, of which, at other times, he was heartily ashamed, and which he has feelingly lamented in some of his poems. Few Scottish poets have more touchingly depicted the evils of intemperance.

THE BREAKING HEART.

I MARK'D her look of agony,
I heard her broken sigh,
I saw the colour leave her cheek,
The lustre leave her eye;
I saw the radiant ray of hope
Her sadden'd soul forsaking;
And, by these tokens, well I knew
The maiden's heart was breaking.

It is not from the hand of Heaven
Her bitter grief proceeds;
'Tis not for sins that she hath done,
Her bosom inly bleeds;
'Tis not death's terrors wrap her soul
In shades of dark despair,
But man—deceitful man—whose hand
A thorn hath planted there.

THE AULD EMIGRANT'S FAREWEEL TO SCOTLAND.

LAND of my fathers! night's dark gloom
Now shades thee from my view—
Land of my birth! my hearth, my home,
A long, a last adieu!

Thy sparkling streams, thy plantin's green,
That ring with melodie,
Thy flowery vales, thy hills and dales,
Again I 'll never see.

How aft have I thy heathy hills
Climb'd in life's early day!
Or pierced the dark depths of thy woods
To pu' the nit or slae;
Or lain beneath the spreading thorn,
Hid frae the sun's bright beams,
While on my raptured ear was borne
The music of thy streams!

And aft, when frae the schule set free,
I 've join'd a merry ban',
Whase hearts were loupin' licht wi' glee,
Fresh as the morning's dawn,
And waunert, Cruikston, by thy tower,
Or through thy leafy shaw,
The livelang day, nor thocht o' hame
Till nicht began to fa'.

But now the buoyancy o' youth,
And a' its joys are gane—
My children scatter'd far and wide,
And I am left alane;
For she who was my hope and stay,
And soothed me when distress'd,
Within the narrow house of death
Has lang been laid at rest.

And puirtith's cloud doth me enshroud;
Sae, after a' my toil,
I 'm gaun to lay my puir auld clay
Within a foreign soil.
Fareweel, fareweel, auld Scotia dear!
A last fareweel to thee!
Thy tinkling rills, thy heath-clad hills,
Again I 'll never see!

O'ER MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY.

O'ER mountain and valley
Morn gladly did gleam;
The streamlets danced gaily
Beneath its bright beam;
The daisies were springing
To life at my feet;
The woodlands were ringing
With melody sweet.

But the sky became low'ring,
And clouds big with rain,
Their treasures outpouring,
Soon deluged the plain.
The late merry woodlands
Grew silent and lone;
And red from the muirlands
The river rush'd down.

Thus life, too, is chequer'd
With sunshine and gloom;
Of change 'tis the record—
Now blight and now bloom.
Oft morn rises brightly,
With promise to last,
But long, long ere noontide
The sky is o'ercast.

Yet much of the trouble
'Neath which mortals groan,
They contrive to make double
By whims of their own.
Oh! it makes the heart tingle
With anguish to think,
That our own hands oft mingle
The bitters we drink.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, the distinguished editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, was born in the Manse of Cambusnethan, on the 14th of June 1794. From both his parents he inherited an honourable descent. His father, John Lockhart, D.D., was the second son of William Lockhart of Birkhill, the head of an old family in Lanarkshire, lineally descended from Sir Stephen Lockhart of Cleghorn, a member of the Privy Council, and armour-bearer to James III. His mother was Elizabeth Gibson, daughter of the Rev. John Gibson, senior minister of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh; her maternal grandmother was the Honourable Mary Erskine, second daughter of Henry, third Lord Cardross, and sister of David, ninth Earl of Buchan. In 1796, Dr Lockhart was translated from Cambusnethan to the College church, Glasgow; and the early education of his son was consequently conducted in that city.

During the third year of his attendance at the Grammar-school, young Lockhart, though naturally possessed of a sound constitution, was seized with a severe illness, which, it was feared, might terminate in pulmonary consumption. After a period of physical prostration, he satisfactorily rallied, when it was found by his teacher that he had attained such proficiency in classical learning, during his confinement, as to be qualified for the

University, without the usual attendance of a fourth session at the Grammar-school. At the University of Glasgow, his progress fully realised his excellent promise in the academy. The youngest member of his various classes, he was uniformly a successful competitor for honours. He gave indication of poetical ability in a metrical translation of a part of Lucan's "Pharsalia," which was rewarded with a prize, and received warm encomiums from the professors. On one of the Snell Exhibitions to Baliol College, Oxford, becoming vacant, during the session of 1808–9, it was unanimously conferred on him by the faculty. Entering Baliol College in 1809, his classical attainments were such, that Dr Jenkins, the master of the college, was led to predict that he would reflect honour on that institution, and on the University of Glasgow. At his graduation, on the completion of his attendance at Baliol, he realised the expectations of his admiring preceptor; the youngest of all who graduated on the occasion, being in his eighteenth year, he was numbered in the *first class*,—an honour rarely attained by the most accomplished Oxonians. In the choice of a profession he evinced considerable hesitation; but was at length induced by a relative, a member of the legal faculty, to qualify himself for practice at the Scottish Bar. Besides affording a suitable scope for his talents and acquirements, it was deemed that the Parliament House of Edinburgh had certain hereditary claims on his services. Through his paternal grandmother, he was descended from Sir James Lockhart of Lee, Lord Justice-Clerk in the reign of Charles II., and father of the celebrated Sir George Lockhart of Carnwath, Lord President of the Court of Session; and of another judge, Sir John Lockhart, Lord Castlehill.

Having completed a curriculum of classical and philosophical study at Oxford, and made a tour on the Continent, Lockhart proceeded to Edinburgh, to prosecute the study of Scottish law. In 1816 he passed advocate. Well-skilled in the details of legal knowledge, and in the preparation of written pleadings, he lacked a fluency of utterance, so entirely essential to success as a pleader at the Bar. He felt his deficiency, but did not strive to surmount it. Joining himself to a literary circle, of which John Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd were the more conspicuous members, he resolved to follow the career of a man of letters. In 1817, he became one of the original contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine;* and by his learned and ingenious articles essentially promoted the early reputation of that subsequently popular periodical. In 1819 appeared his first separate publication, entitled, "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,"—a work of three octavo volumes, in which an imaginary Doctor Morris humorously and pungently delineates the manners and characteristics of the more distinguished literary Scotsmen of the period; and which, by exciting some angry criticism, attracted general attention to the real author.* In May of the previous year, at the residence in Edinburgh of Mr Home Drummond of Blair-Drummond, he was introduced to the personal acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. Their acquaintance ripened into a speedy intimacy; and on the 29th April 1820, Lockhart became the son-in-law of his illustrious friend, by espousing his eldest daughter, Sophia. Continuing to furnish sparkling contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine,* Lockhart now began to exhibit powers of prolific authorship. In the course of a few years he produced

* In his Life of Scott, Lockhart states that "Peter's Letters" "were not wholly the work of one hand."

"Valerius," a tale descriptive of ancient Rome; "Reginald Dalton," a novel founded on his personal experiences at Oxford; the interesting romance of "Matthew Wald," and "Adam Blair," a Scottish story. The last of these works, it may be interesting to notice, took origin in the following manner. During a visit to his parents at Glasgow, his father had incidentally mentioned, after dinner, that Mr Adam, a former minister of Cathcart, had been deprived for certain immoralities, and afterwards reponed, at the entreaty of his parishioners, on the death of the individual who had succeeded him after his deposition. On hearing the narrative, Lockhart retired to his apartment and drew up the plan of his tale, which was ready for the press within the short space of three weeks. In 1823, he became known as an elegant versifier, by the publication of his translations from the "Spanish Ballads." He subsequently published a "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," in "Murray's Family Library;" and produced a "Life of Robert Burns," for "Constable's Miscellany." At this period he chiefly resided in Edinburgh, spending some of the summer months at Chiefswood, a cottage about two miles from Abbotsford. But Lockhart's growing reputation ere long secured him a more advantageous and lucrative position. In 1825, he was appointed to the editorship of the *Quarterly Review;* and thus, at the age of thirty-one, became the successor of Gifford, in conducting one of the most powerful literary organs of the age. He now removed to London. On the 15th of June 1834, the degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred on him by the University of Oxford.

During the last illness of Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart was eminently dutiful in his attendance on the illustrious sufferer. As the literary executor of the deceased, he was

zealous even to indiscretion; his "Life of Scott," notwithstanding its ill-judged personalities, is one of the most interesting biographical works in the language. His own latter history affords few materials for observation; he frequented the higher literary circles of the metropolis, and well sustained the reputation of the *Quarterly Review*. He retired from his editorial duties in 1853, having suffered previously from impaired health. The progress of his malady was accelerated by a succession of family trials and bereavements, which preyed heavily on his mind. His eldest son, John Hugh Lockhart (the Hugh Littlejohn of Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather,") died in 1831; his amiable wife in 1837; and of his two remaining children, a son and a daughter, the former, Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, Lieutenant, 16th Lancers, who had succeeded to the estate of Abbotsford on the death of his uncle, the second Sir Walter Scott, died in 1853. In 1847, his daughter and only surviving child was married to James Robert Hope, Esquire, Q.C., son of General the Honourable Sir Alexander Hope, and nephew of the late Earl of Hopetoun, of peninsular fame; and shortly before her father's death, this lady, along with her husband, abjured the Protestant faith.

In the autumn of 1853, in accordance with the advice of his medical advisers, Lockhart proceeded to Italy; but on his return the following summer, he appeared rather to have lost than gained strength. Arranging his affairs in London, he took up his abode with his elder brother, Mr Lockhart, M.P., at Milton-Lockhart, on the banks of the Clyde, and in the parish adjoining that of his birth. Here he suffered an attack of cholera, which much debilitated his already wasted strength. In October he was visited by Dr Ferguson of London, who conveyed him to Abbotsford to be tended by his daugh-

ter; there he breathed his last on the 25th November 1854, in his 61st year. His remains were interred in Dryburgh Abbey, beside those of his illustrious father-in-law, with whom his name will continue to be associated. The estate of Abbotsford is now in the possession of his daughter and her husband, who, in terms of the Abbotsford entail, have assumed the name of Scott. Their infant daughter, Mary Monica, along with her mother, are the only surviving lineal representatives of the Author of "Waverley."

Possessed of a vigorous intellect, varied talents, and accurate scholarship, Lockhart was impatient of contradiction, and was prone to censure keenly those who had offended him. To strangers his manners were somewhat uninviting, and in society he was liable to periods of taciturnity. He loved the ironical and facetious; and did not scruple to indulge in ridicule even at the expense of his intimate associates. With many peculiarities of manner, and a temper somewhat fretful and impulsive, we have good authority for recording, that many unfortunate men of genius derived support from his bounty. Ardent in temperament, he was severe in resenting a real or fancied wrong; but among those to whom he gave his confidence, he was found to be possessed of affectionate and generous dispositions. He has complained, in a testamentary document, that his course of procedure was often misunderstood, and the complaint is probably well-founded. He was personally of a handsome and agreeable presence, and his countenance wore the aspect of intelligence.

BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.*

TUNE—"*Oh, the roast beef of Old England.*"

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords.

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave—
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave,
Whose libation comes slow while we honour his grave.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Though he died not like him amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore;
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Yea a place with the fallen, the living shall claim,
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham.
All the broadswords, &c.

* This song, with several others of ephemeral interest, was composed by Lockhart, to be sung at the mess of the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry, of which he was a member. Of the songs produced for these festive occasions, a collection for private circulation was printed in 1825, at the Ballantyne press, with the title, "Songs of the Edinburgh Troop," pp. 28. In this collection, the "Broadswords" song bears date July 1821; it was published with music in 1822, in the third volume of Thomson's Collection.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth—
Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven of the north;
Then go blazon their numbers, their names and their worth.
All the broadswords, &c.

The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race;
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords.

CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.*

TOUCH once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket,
In sorrow, grief, and woe.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

* This humorous elegy was first published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September 1819. Captain Paton was a well-known character in Glasgow. The son of Dr David Paton, a physician in that city, he obtained a commis-

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
Of a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking,
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine,
They were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart,
That about his ears did run;

sion in a regiment raised in Scotland for the Dutch service. He afterwards resided with his two maiden sisters, and an old servant Nelly, in a tenement opposite the Old Exchange at the Cross, which had been left him by his father. The following graphic account of the Captain, we transcribe from Dr Strang's interesting work, "Glasgow and its Clubs," recently published:—"Every sunshine day, and sometimes even amid shower and storm, about the close of the past and the commencement of the present century, was the worthy Captain in the Dutch service seen parading the *plainstanes*, opposite his own residence in the Trongate, donned in a suit of snuff-coloured brown or 'genty drab,' his long spare limbs encased in blue striped stockings, with shoes and buckles, and sporting ruffles of the finest cambric at his wrists, while adown his back hung a long queue, and on his head was perched a small three-cocked hat, which, with a *politesse tout à fait Francais*, he invariably took off when saluting a friend. Captain Paton, while a denizen of the camp, had studied well the noble art of fence, and was looked upon as a most accomplished swordsman, which might easily be discovered from his happy but threatening manner of holding his cane, when sallying from his own domicile towards the coffee-room, which he usually entered about two o'clock, to study the news of the day in the pages of the *Courier*. The gallant Captain frequently indulged, like Othello, in speaking—

'Of moving incidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.'

And of his own brave doings on the tented field, 'at Minden and at Dettingen,' particularly when seated round a bowl of his favourite cold punch, made with limes from his own estate in Trinidad, and with water newly drawn from the Westport well." It remains to be added, that this "prince of worthy fellows" died in July 1807, at the age of sixty-eight.

And before there was a toupee,
That some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue,
That did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we forgather'd,
He took off his wee three-cockit;
And he proffer'd you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side-pocket;
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan;
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton.
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know
They would see him with his *Courier*
In the middle of the row.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Now and then, upon a Sunday,
He invited me to dine
On a herring and a mutton chop,
Which his maid dress'd very fine.
There was also a little Malmsay,
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which, between me and the captain,
Pass'd nimbly to and fro!
Oh! I ne'er shall take potluck with Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or, if a bowl was mentioned,
The captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the Westport,
And a stoup of water bring.
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow!
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon
He had heard from Dr Porteous;
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs So-and-So,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con.* but not the *pro.!*
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden-field or Dettingen;
How he fought with a French major,
And dispatch'd him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below!
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like from Captain Paton no mo'e!

But at last the captain sickened,
And grew worse from day to day,
And all miss'd him in the coffee-room,
From which now he staid away;

On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms,
That death was in his view;
So the captain made his test'ment,
And submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn kirk—
'Tis the way we all must go!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For this prince of good old fellows
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows—
And a pretty man also—
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.*

From the Gaelic.

LISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing, long ago, the song of other shores;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land!

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where, 'tween the dark hills, creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriach-banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

* * * *

Come, foreign rage!—let discord burst in slaughter!
Oh then for clansman true, and stern claymore!
The hearts that would have given their blood like water
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar!
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land!

* This simple and interesting lyric appears in No. XLVI. of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and has, we believe, on sufficient grounds, been attributed to Lockhart.

THOMAS MATHERS.

THOMAS MATHERS, the fisherman poet, was born at St Monance, Fifeshire, in 1794. Receiving an education at school confined to the simplest branches, he chose the seafaring life, and connected himself with the merchant service. At Venice, he had a casual rencounter with Lord Byron,—a circumstance which he was in the habit of narrating with enthusiasm. Leaving the merchant service, he married, and became a fisherman and pilot, fixing his residence in his native village. His future life was a career of incessant toil and frequent penury, much alleviated, however, by the invocation of the muse. He contributed verses for a series of years to several of the public journals; and his compositions gained him a wide circle of admirers. He long cherished the ambition of publishing a volume of poems; and the desire at length was gratified through the subscriptions of his friends. In 1851, he printed a duodecimo volume, entitled, "Musings in Verse, by Sea and Shore," which, however, had only been put into shape when the author was called to his rest. He died of a short illness, at St Monance, on the 25th September 1851, leaving a widow and several young children. His poetry is chiefly remarkable for depth of feeling. Of his powers as a song-writer, the following lyric, entitled "Early Love," is a favourable specimen.

EARLY LOVE.

THERE 's nae love like early love,
  Sae lasting an' sae leal;
It wins upon the youthfu' heart,
  An' sets its magic seal.
The die that 's cast in early life,
  Is nae vain airy dream;
But makes thee still in after years
  The subject of my theme.

But years o' shade an' sunshine
  Have flung alternately
Their fleeting shadows as they pass'd
  Athwart life's changing sky.
Like troubled waters, too, the mind
  'S been ruffled an' distress'd;
But with the placid calm return'd
  Thine image to my breast.

Still I hae seen a fairer face,
  Though fairer anes are few,
An' I hae marked kinder smiles
  Than e'er I gat frae you.
But smiles, like blinks o' simmer sheen,
  Leave not a trace behind;
While early love has forged chains
  The freest heart to bind.

The mind from tyrant fetters
  Is free as air to rove;
But powerful are the links that chain
  The heart to early love.
Affections, like the ivy
  In nature's leafy screen,
Entwine the boughs o' early love
  Wi' foliage "ever green."

JAMES BROWN.

JAMES BROWN was born at Libberton, a village in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, on the 1st of July 1796. His father, the miller of Libberton-mill, was a person of superior intelligence, and his mother, Grizzel Anderson, was esteemed for her amiable dispositions. Deprived of his father while only six years old, he was early apprenticed to a hand-loom weaver. On the completion of his indenture, he removed to Symington, a village situate at the base of Tintock hill. His leisure hours were devoted to reading and an extensive correspondence with his friends. He formed a club for literary discussion, which assembled periodically at his house. Enthusiastic in his love of nature, he rejoiced in solitary rambles on the heights of Tintock and Dungavel; he made a pilgrimage to the Border and Ettrick Forest. In 1823 he removed to Glasgow, where he was employed in the warehouse of a manufacturing firm; he afterwards became agent of the house at Biggar, where he died on the 12th September 1836. Though the writer of much poetry of merit, Brown was indifferent to literary reputation; and chiefly intrusted his compositions to the keeping of his friends. His songs in the present work have been recovered by his early friend, Mr Scott Riddell, who has supplied these particulars of his life. Austere in manner, he was possessed of genial and benevolent dispositions; he became ultimately impressed with earnest religious convictions.

MY PEGGY 'S FAR AWAY.

YESTREEN as I stray'd on the banks o' the Clyde,
A laddie beneath the gay greenwood I spied,
Who sang o' his Peggy, and oh! he seem'd wae,
For Peggy, sweet Peggy, was far, far away.

Though fair burns the taper in yon lofty ha',
Yet nought now shines bright where her shade doesna fa';
My Peggy was pure as the dew-drops o' May,
But Peggy, sweet Peggy, is far, far away.

Ye breezes that curve the blue waves o' the Clyde,
And sigh 'mang the dark firs on yon mountain side,
How dreary your murmurs throughout the lang day,
Since Peggy, sweet Peggy, gaed far, far away.

The sable-wing'd blackbird yon birk-trees amang,
And mavis sing notes that accord wi' my sang,
A' nature is dowie, by bank and by brae,
Since Peggy, sweet Peggy, gaed far, far away.

Ye dew-dripping daisies that bloom by the burn,
Though scathed by rude winter in spring ye return;
I mark'd, but I minded no whit your decay,
Ere Peggy, sweet Peggy, gaed far, far away.

I mourn'd not the absence o' summer or spring,
Nor aught o' the beauties the seasons may bring,
E'en 'mid the dark winter this heart still was gay,
Ere Peggy, sweet Peggy, gaed far, far away.

The bleak blawing winter, wi' a' its alarms,
Might add to, but tak not away from her charms,
The snaws seem'd as welcome as summer-won hay,
Ere Peggy, sweet Peggy, gaed far, far away.

Our Henry lo'es Mary, Jock dotes upon Jean,
And Willie ca's Nancy o' beauty the queen,
But Peggy was mine, and far lovelier than they,
Ere Peggy, sweet Peggy, gaed far, far away.

Oh, when will the days o' this sadness be o'er,
And Heaven, in pity, my Peggie restore?
It kens she 's the loveliest it ere made o' clay,
And ill I may thole that she 's far, far away.

LOVE BROUGHT ME A BOUGH.

LOVE brought me a bough o' the willow sae green
That waves by yon brook where the wild-flowers grow sheen;
And braiding my harp wi' the sweet budding rue,
It mellow'd its tones 'mang the saft falling dew;
It whisper'd a strain that I wist na to hear,
That false was the lassie my bosom held dear;
Pride stirr'd me to sing, as I tore off the rue—
If she 's got ae sweetheart, sure I can get two!

Yet aft when reflection brings back to my mind
The days that are gane, when my lassie was kind,
A sigh says I felt then as ne'er I feel now,
My soul was enraptured—I canna tell how.

Yet what need I sing o' the joys that hae been,
And why should I start at the glance o' her een,
Or think o' the dark locks that wave o'er her brow?—
If she 's got ae sweetheart, sure I can get two!

Yestreen when the sun glinted blithe on the hill,
I met her alane by the flower-border'd rill,
I speer'd for her weelfare, but cauld was her air,
And I soughtna' to change it by foul words or fair;
She says I deceived her, how can it be sae?
The heart, ere deceived some affection maun hae,
And that hers had nane, I the sairer may rue,
Though she 's got ae sweetheart, an' I can get two.

She left me for ane wha o' mailins could sing,
Sae gie her the pleasures that riches can bring.
Gae fame to the hero, and gowd to the Jew,
And me the enjoyment that 's prized by the few;
A friend o' warm feeling, and frank and refined,
And a lassie that 's modest, true hearted, and kind,
I 'll woo her, I 'll lo'e her, and best it will do,
For love brings nae bliss when it tampers wi' two.

HOW 'S A' WI' YE.

AIR—"*Jenny's Bawbee.*"

ERE foreign fashions cross'd the Tweed,
A bannet happ'd my daddie's head,
Our daintiest fare was milk-and-bread,
Folk scunner'd a' at tea;

When cronies met they didna stand,
To rule their words by manners grand,
But warmly clasping hand in hand,
Said, How 's a' wi' ye.

But now there 's nought but shy finesse,
And mim and prim 'bout mess and dress,
That scarce a hand a hand will press
Wi' ought o' feeling free;
A cauldrife pride aside has laid
The hodden gray, and hame-spun plaid,
And a' is changed since neebors said
Just, How 's a' wi' ye.

Our auld guidwife wore cloak and hood,
The maiden's gown was worset guid,
And kept her ringlets in a snood
Aboon her pawkie e'e;
Now set wi' gaudy gumflowers roun',
She flaunts it in her silken gown,
That scarce ane dare by glen or town
Say, How 's a' wi' ye.

I watna how they manage now
Their brides in lighted ha's to woo,
But it is caulder wark, I trow,
Than e'er it was wi' me;
Aye true unto the trysts we set,
When we among the hawthorns met,
Love-warm, true love wad scarce us let
Say, How 's a' wi' ye.

Wae-worth their haughty state and style,
That drive true feeling frae our isle!
In saxty years o' care and toil,
What ferlies do we see!
The lowliest heart a pride displays,
Unkent in our ain early days,
Ilk kind and canty thing decays,
Wi', How 's a' wi' ye.

When back we look on bygane years,
Weel may the cheek be wet wi' tears,
The cauld mool mony a bosom bears,
Ance dear to you and me;
Yet I will neither chafe nor chide,
While ane comes to my ingle side,
Whose bosom glows wi' honest pride
At, How's a' wi' ye.

Newfangled guffs may things arrange
For further and still further change,
But strange things shall to me be strange,
While I can hear and see.
And when I gang, as I 'll do soon,
To join the leal in hames aboon,
I 'll greet them just as aye I 've doon,
Wi', How 's a' wi' ye.

OH! SAIR I FEEL THE WITCHING POWER.

TUNE—"*Miller of Dron*," *improved set.*

OH, sair I feel the witching power
O' that sweet pawkie e'e,
And sair I 'll rue the luckless hour
That e'er it shone on me;
Unless sic love as wounds this heart
Come frae that heart again,
And teach for aye the kindly ray
To blink on me alane.
Thy modest cheek aye mantling glows
Whene'er I talk o' love,
As rainbow rays upon the rose
Its native sweets improve;
Yet when the sunbeams leave yon tower,
And gloamin' vails the glen,
Will ye gang to the birken bower
When nane on earth can ken?
Oh, scenes delighting, smiles inviting,
Heartfelt pleasures len',
And oh! how fain to meet alane,
When nane on earth can ken!

Amang the lave I manna speak,
And when I look the while,
The mair I 'm seen, the mair I seek
Their watching to beguile;
But leave, dear lassie, leave them a',
And frae this heart sae leal
Thou 'lt hear the love, by glen and shaw,
It canna mair conceal.

My plaid shall shield thy peerless charms
  Frae evening's fanning gale,
And saft shall be my circling arms,
  And true my simple tale;
And seated by the murmuring brook,
  Within the flowery den,
If love 's reveal'd in word or look,
  There 's nane on earth can ken.
Oh! scenes delighting, smiles inviting,
  Heartfelt pleasures len',
And oh! how fain to meet alane,
  When nane on earth can ken.

There 's music in the lighted ha',
  And looks in laughing een,
That seem affection forth to show,
  That less is felt than seen.
But silent in the faithfu' heart
  The charm o' love shall reign,
Or words shall but its power impart
  To make it mair our ain.
Let worldlings doat upon their wealth,
  And spendthrifts hae their glee,
Not a' the state o' a' the great,
  Shall draw a wish frae me;
Away wi' thee by glen an' bower,
  Far frae the haunts o' men,
Oh! a' the bliss o' hour like this,
  The world can never ken.
Oh! scenes delighting, smiles inviting,
  Heartfelt pleasures len',
And aye how fain we 'll meet again,
  When nane on earth can ken.

DANIEL WEIR.

DANIEL WEIR was born at Greenock, on the 31st of March 1796. His father, John Weir, was a shoemaker, and at one period a small shopkeeper in that town. From his mother, Sarah Wright, he inherited a delicate constitution. His education was conducted at a private school; and in 1809, he became apprentice to Mr Scott, a respectable bookseller in Greenock. In 1815, he commenced business as a bookseller on his own account.

Imbued with the love of learning, and especially of poetry, Weir devoted his hours of leisure to extensive reading and the composition of verses. To the "Scottish Minstrel" of R. A. Smith, he contributed several respectable songs; and edited for Messrs Griffin & Co., booksellers in Glasgow, three volumes of lyric poems, which appeared under the title of "The National Minstrel," "The Sacred Lyre," and "Lyrical Gems." These collections are adorned with many compositions of his own. In 1829, he published a "History of the Town of Greenock," in a thin octavo volume, illustrated with engravings. He died on the 11th November 1831, in his thirty-fifth year.

Possessed of a fine genius, a brilliant fancy, and much gracefulness of expression, Weir has decided claims to remembrance. His conversational talents were of a remarkable description, and attracted to his shop many persons of taste, to whom his poetical talents

were unknown. He was familiar with the whole of the British poets, and had committed their best passages to memory. Possessing a keen relish for the ludicrous, he had at command a store of delightful anecdote, which he gave forth with a quaintness of look and utterance, so as to render the force of the humour totally irresistible. His sarcastic wit was an object of dread to his opponents in burgh politics. His appearance was striking. Rather mal-formed, he was under the middle size; his head seemed large for his person, and his shoulders were of unusual breadth. His complexion was dark, and his eyes hazel; and when his countenance was lit upon the recitation of some witty tale, he looked the impersonation of mirthfulness. Eccentric as were some of his habits and modes of action, he was seriously impressed by religious principle; some of his devotional compositions are admirable specimens of sacred poetry. He left an unpublished MS. poem, entitled "The Pleasures of Religion."

SEE THE MOON.

SEE the moon o'er cloudless Jura
Shining in the lake below;
See the distant mountain tow'ring
Like a pyramid of snow.
Scenes of grandeur—scenes of childhood—
Scenes so dear to love and me!
Let us roam by bower and wildwood—
All is lovelier when with thee.

On Leman's breast the winds are sighing;
All is silent in the grove;
And the flow'rs, with dew-drops glist'ning,
Sparkle like the eye of love.
Night so calm, so clear, so cloudless;
Blessed night to love and me!
Let us roam by bower and fountain—
All is lovelier when with thee.

LOVE IS TIMID.

LOVE is timid, love is shy,
Can you tell me, tell me why?
Ah! tell me why true love should be
Afraid to meet the kindly smile
Of him she loves, from him would flee,
Yet thinks upon him all the while?
Can you tell me, tell me why
Love is timid, love is shy?

Love is timid, love is shy,
Can you tell me, tell me why?
True love, they say, delights to dwell
In some sequester'd, lonely bow'r,
With him she loves, where none can tell
Her tender look in passion's hour.
Can you tell me, tell me why
Love is timid, love is shy?

Love is timid, love is shy,
Can you tell me, tell me why?
Love, like the lonely nightingale,
Will pour her heart, when all is lone;
Nor will repeat, amidst the vale,
Her notes to any, but to one.
Can you tell me, tell me why
Love is timid, love is shy?

RAVEN'S STREAM.

My love, come let us wander
Where Raven's streams meander,
And where, in simple grandeur,
The daisy decks the plain.
Peace and joy our hours shall measure;
Come, oh! come, my soul's best treasure!
Then how sweet, and then how cheerie,
Raven's braes will be, my dearie.

The silver moon is beaming,
On Clyde her light is streaming;
And, while the world is dreaming,
We 'll talk of love, my dear.

None, my Jean, will share this bosom,
Where thine image loves to blossom;
And no storm will ever sever
That dear flow'r, or part us ever.

OH! OUR CHILDHOOD'S ONCE DELIGHTFUL HOURS.

AIR—"*Oh! the days are past when beauty bright.*"

OH! our childhood's once delightful hours
Ne'er come again—
Their sunny glens, their blooming bowers,
And primrose plain!
With other days,
Ambitious rays
May flash upon our mind;
But give me back the morn of life,
With fond thoughts twined,
As it sweetly broke on bower and hill,
And youth's gay mind!

Oh! our childhood's days are ne'er forgot
On life's dark sea,
And memory hails that sacred spot
Where'er we be;
It leaves all joys,
And fondly sighs
As youth comes on the mind,
And looks upon the morn of life
With fond thoughts, &c.

When age will come, with locks of gray,
To quench youth's spark,
And its stream runs cold along the way
Where all seems dark,
'Twill smiling gaze,
As memory's blaze
Breaks on its wavering mind;
But 'twill never bring the morn of life,
With fond thoughts, &c.

COULD WE BUT LOOK BEYOND OUR SPHERE.

COULD we but look beyond our sphere,
And trace, along the azure sky,
The myriads that were inmates here
Since Abel's spirit soar'd on high—
Then might we tell of those who see
Our wand'rings from eternity!

But human frailty cannot gaze
On such a cloud of splendid light
As heaven's sacred court displays,
Of blessed spirits clothed in white,
Who from the fears of death are free,
And look from an eternity.

They look, but ne'er return again
To tell the secrets of their home;
And kindliest tears for them are vain—
For never, never shall they come,
Till Time's pale light begin to flee
Before a bright eternity!

Could we but gaze beyond our sphere,
  Within the golden porch of heaven,
And see those spirits which appear
  Like stars upon the robe of even!
But no! unseen to us they see
Our wanderings from eternity!

The crimes of men which Heaven saw,
  And pitied with a parent's eye,
Could ne'er a kindred spirit draw
  In mercy from its home on high;
They look, but all they know or see
Is silent as eternity!

At noonday hour, or midnight deep,
  No bright inhabitant draws nigh;
And though a parent's offspring weep,
  No whisper echoes from the sky;
Though friends may gaze, yet all they see
Is known but in eternity!

Yet we may look beyond our sphere
  On One who shines among the throng;
And we by faith may also hear
  The triumphs of a glorious song;
And while we gaze on Him, we see
The path to this eternity!

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its sweet sunny smile
  Shines bright on our path, we may dream we are blest;
We may look on the world as a gay fairy isle,
  Where sorrow 's unknown, and the weary have rest!

But the brightness that shone, and the hopes we enjoy'd,
Are clouded ere noon, and soon vanish away;
While the dark beating tempest, on life's stormy tide,
Obscures all the sweets of the morning's bright ray!

Then where are those bowers, in some gay, happy plain,
Where hope ne'er deceives, and where love is aye true;
Where the brightness of morning shines on but to gain
A sunshine as bright and as promising too?

Oh! ask for it not in this valley of sighs,
Where we smile but to weep, and we ne'er can find rest;
For the world we would wish shines afar in the skies,
Where sorrow 's unknown—'tis the home of the blest!

ON THE DEATH OF A PROMISING CHILD.

Oh! weep not thus, though the child thou hast loved,
Still, still as the grave, in silence sleeps on;
'Midst the tears that are shed, his eye is unmoved,
And the beat of that bosom for ever is gone:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

The world to him, with its sorrows and sighs,
Has fled like a dream when the morn appears;
While the spirit awakes in the light of the skies,
No more to revisit this valley of tears:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Few, few were his years; but, had they been more,
The sunshine which smiled might have vanish'd away,
And he might have fallen on some far friendless shore,
Or been wreck'd amidst storms in some desolate bay:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Like a rosebud of promise, when fresh in the morn,
Was the child of thy heart while he lingered here;
But now from thy love, from thine arms he is torn,
Yet to bloom in a lovelier, happier sphere:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

How happy the pilgrim whose journey is o'er,
Who, musing, looks back on its dangers and woes;
Then rejoice at his rest, for sorrow no more
Can start on his dreams, or disturb his repose:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Who would not recline on the breast of a friend,
When the night-cloud has lower'd o'er a sorrowful day?
Who would not rejoice at his journey's end,
When perils and toils encompass'd his way?
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

THE DYING HOUR.

WHY does the day, whose date is brief,
Smile sadly o'er the western sea?
Why does the brown autumnal leaf
Hang restless on its parent tree?

Why does the rose, with drooping head,
Send richer fragrance from the bow'r?
Their golden time of life had fled—
It was their dying hour!

Why does the swan's melodious song
Come thrilling on the gentle gale?
Why does the lamb, which stray'd along,
Lie down to tell its mournful tale?
Why does the deer, when wounded, fly
To the lone vale, where night-clouds low'r?
Their time was past—they lived to die—
It was their dying hour!

Why does the dolphin change its hues,
Like that aërial child of light?
Why does the cloud of night refuse
To meet the morn with beams so bright?
Why does the man we saw to-day,
To-morrow fade like some sweet flow'r?
All earth can give must pass away—
It was their dying hour!

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

I 'VE listen'd to the midnight wind,
Which seem'd, to fancy's ear,
The mournful music of the mind,
The echo of a tear;
And still methought the hollow sound
Which, melting, swept along,
The voice of other days had found,
With all the powers of song.

I 've listen'd to the midnight wind,
And thought of friends untrue—
Of hearts that seem'd so fondly twined,
That nought could e'er undo;
Of cherish'd hopes, once fondly bright—
Of joys which fancy gave—
Of youthful eyes, whose lovely light
Were darken'd in the grave.

I 've listen'd to the midnight wind
When all was still as death;
When nought was heard before, behind—
Not e'en the sleeper's breath.
And I have sat at such an hour
And heard the sick man's sigh;
Or seen the babe, like some sweet flow'r,
At that lone moment die.

I 've listen'd to the midnight wind,
And wept for others' woe;
Nor could the heart such music find
To bid its tear-drops flow.
The melting voice of one we loved,
Whose voice was heard no more,
Seem'd, when those fancied chords were moved,
Still breathing as before.

I 've listen'd to the midnight wind,
And sat beside the dead,
And felt those movings of the mind
Which own a secret dread.
The ticking clock, which told the hour,
Had then a sadder chime;
And these winds seem'd an unseen pow'r,
Which sung the dirge of time.

I 've listen'd to the midnight wind,
When, o'er the new-made grave
Of one whose heart was true and kind,
Its rudest blasts did rave.
Oh! there was something in the sound—
A mournful, melting tone—
Which led the thoughts to that dark ground
Where he was left alone.

I 've listen'd to the midnight wind,
And courted sleep in vain,
While thoughts like these have oft combined
To rack the wearied brain.
And even when slumber, soft and deep,
Has seen the eyelid close,
The restless soul, which cannot sleep,
Has stray'd till morning rose.

ROBERT DAVIDSON.

ROBERT DAVIDSON was born in the parish of Morebattle, Roxburghshire, in 1779. The son of humble parents, he was sent to tend cattle in his tenth year. He had received at the parish school a limited education; and he devoted his leisure time on the hills to miscellaneous reading. Learning scraps of old ballads from the cottage matrons, as they sung them at their distaffs, he early began to essay imitations of these olden ditties. As a farm-servant and an agricultural labourer, he continued through life to seek repose from toil in the perusal of poetry and the composition of verses. "My simple muse," he afterwards wrote, "oft visited me at the plough, and made the labour to seem lighter and the day shorter." In 1811, and in 1824, he published small collections of verses. At the recommendation of some influential friends, he published, in 1848, a compact little volume of his best pieces, under the title, "Leaves from a Peasant's Cottage-Drawer;" and to which was prefixed a well-written autobiographical sketch. He was often oppressed by poverty; and, latterly, was the recipient of parochial relief. He died in the parish of Hounam, on the 6th April 1855; and his remains rest in the churchyard of his native parish. Many of his poems are powerful, both in expression and sentiment; and several of his songs are worthy of a place in the national minstrelsy. In private life he was sober, prudent, and industrious.

FAREWELL TO CALEDONIA.

ADIEU! a lang and last adieu,
My native Caledonia!
For while your shores were in my view,
I steadfast gazed upon ye, O!
Your shores sae lofty, steep, an' bold,
Fit emblem of your sons of old,
Whose valour, more than mines of gold,
Has honour'd Caledonia.

I think how happy I could be,
To live and die upon ye, O!
Though distant many miles from thee,
My heart still hovers o'er ye, O!
My fancy haunts your mountains steep,
Your forests fair, an' valleys deep,
Your plains, where rapid rivers sweep
To gladden Caledonia.

Still mem'ry turns to where I spent
Life's cheerfu' morn sae bonnie, O!
Though by misfortune from it rent,
It 's dearer still than ony, O!
In vain I 'm told our vessel hies
To fertile fields an' kindly skies;
But still they want the charm that ties
My heart to Caledonia.

My breast had early learn'd to glow
At name of Caledonia;
Though torn an' toss'd wi' many a foe,
She never bow'd to ony, O!

A land of heroes, famed an' brave—
A land our fathers bled to save,
Whom foreign foes could ne'er enslave—
Adieu to Caledonia!

ON VISITING THE SCENES OF EARLY DAYS.

Ye daisied glens and briery braes,
Haunts of my happy early days,
Where oft I 've pu'd the blossom'd slaes
And flow'rets fair,
Before my heart was scathed wi' waes
Or worldly care.

Now recollection's airy train
Shoots through my heart with pleasing pain,
And streamlet, mountain, rock, or plain,
Like friends appear,
That, lang, lang lost, now found again,
Are doubly dear.

But many a dauted object 's fled;
Low lies my once paternal shed;
Rank hemlocks wild, and weeds, o'erspread
The ruin'd heap;
Unstirr'd by cheerful tongue or tread,
The echoes sleep.

Yon bonnie burn, whose limpid streams,
When warm'd with summer's glowing beams,
Have often laved my tender limbs,
When my employ
Was chasing childhood's airy whims
From joy to joy.

Upon yon green, at gloamin' gray,
I 've often join'd in cheerful play,
Wi' comrades guileless, blithe, and gay,
Whose magic art,
Remember'd at this distant day,
Still warms the heart.

Ah, cronies dear! for ever lost!
Abroad on life's rough ocean toss'd,
By adverse winds and currents cross'd,
By watching worn,
Some landed on that silent coast,
Ne'er to return!

Howe'er the path of life may lie,
If poorly low, or proudly high,
When scenes of childhood meet our eye,
Their charms we own,
And yield the tribute of a sigh
To days long gone.

TO WANDER LANG IN FOREIGN LANDS.

AIR—"*Auld Langsyne.*"

To wander lang in foreign lands,
It was my destinie;
I joyful was at my return,
My native hills to see.
My step grew light, my heart grew fain,
I thought my cares to tine,
Until I fand ilk weel-kenn'd spot
Sae alter'd sin' langsyne.

I sigh'd to see the flow'ry green
Skaith'd by the ruthless pleugh;
Likewise the bank aboon the burn,
Where broom and hawthorns grew.
A lonely tree, whose aged trunk
The ivy did entwine,
Still mark'd the spot where youngsters met,
In cheerful sports langsyne.

I mixèd with the village train,
Yet still I seem'd alane;
Nae kindly hand did welcome me,
For a' my friends were gane.
Those friends who oft in foreign lands
Did haunt this heart o' mine,
And brought to mind the happy days
I spent wi' them langsyne.

In youthfu' prime, at fortune's ca',
I braved the billows' roar;
I 've now seen thirty simmer suns
Blink on a distant shore;
And I have stood where honour call'd,
In the embattled line,
And there left many gallant lads,
The cronies o' langsyne.

I 've gather'd walth o' weel-won gear,
Yet still I fortune blame;
I lang wi' strangers pass'd my days,
And now I 'm ane at hame.
I have nae friend but what my gowd
Can draw to mammon's shrine;
But how unlike the guileless hearts
That wish'd me weel langsyne!

PETER ROGER.

PETER ROGER, blacksmith, formerly at Glenormiston, and latterly at Peebles, though more the enthusiastic lover of, than a contributor to, the national minstrelsy, is entitled to remembrance. His numerous communications addressed to the editor of this work, have supplied much information, which has been found useful in the preparation of these volumes. Roger was born at Clovenford, in the parish of Stow, in 1792. For thirty-seven years he wrought as blacksmith at Glenormiston, on the banks of the Tweed, near Innerleithen. In 1852, he removed to Peebles, where he had purchased a small cottage and garden. He died suddenly, at Peebles, on the 3d April 1856, in his 64th year. The following sketch of his character has been supplied, at our request, by his intimate acquaintance, the Rev. James Murray, minister of Old Cumnock:—

"Roger was in many respects a very remarkable man. . . . He possessed, in an eminent degree, an exquisite natural sympathy with all things beautiful and good. He was an excellent botanist, well-skilled in music, and passionately fond of poetry. His conversation was very interesting; and his slight tendency to dogmatise in the presence of a stranger, entirely disappeared in the society of his friends. He might almost be said to revere any one possessed of intellectual gifts and accomplishments, whether natural or acquired; and as he lived many years in a cottage situated on the way-side between Peebles and Innerleithen, he was frequently visited by those who passed by. Occasionally the Ettrick Shepherd would stop his gig to have a few minutes' *crack* with his 'friend Peter,' as he called him. At another time it would be his minister, the Rev. Mr Leckie, or some other worthy pastor, or some surgeon of the district upon his widely-extended rounds—Dr Craig, for example; or Mr Thomas Smibert; or Mr Adam Dickson, a young genius nipt in the bud—whose appear-

ance would be the welcome signal for the 'tinkling' of Peter's hammer to know a brief respite. And I could mention others of his acquaintance, almost self-taught like himself, whose intelligence might enable them 'to stand before kings.'

"My own intimacy with Peter extends back to the time of my boyhood; and I can honestly say, that an evening spent under his roof, in company with him and his pious and amiable sister Peggy, who survives him, was among the greatest treats I ever experienced. There, at his door, in paper cap and leather apron, his shirt sleeves turned up, and his bare, brawny arms crossed upon his chest, and 'his brow wet with honest sweat,' would the hard-headed and warm-hearted blacksmith await the coming of him whom he expected. And, first, whilst his sister was attending to the preparation of some creature-comforts—for he was a man of some substance, and hospitable withal—you would be conducted into his little garden, sloping down to the very brink of the Tweed, and embosomed amid natural hazel wood, the lingering remains of a once goodly forest, to see some favourite flower, or to hear him trill, with a skill and execution which would have done little dishonour to *Picus* himself, some simple native melody upon his Scotch flute. The *in-door* entertainment consisted of varied conversation, embracing the subjects of literature, politics, and theology, largely interspersed with the reading of MS. poems by his numerous poetical friends. But the best part of the treat came last. Gradually you would notice a serious shade, not gloomy but chastened, steal over his massive features. His conversation would glide most naturally, and without any intentional effort that was apparent, into a serious strain; and then Peggy would bring down the family Bible, and, after having selected a suitable psalm, he would sing it to some plaintive air—and he could sing well; and the prayer which closed the usual exercises was such a manly, pathetic, and godly outpouring of a spirit chastened with the simplest and purest piety, as made the heart glad.

"Peter did nothing by halves, but everything with the energy of a man working at a forge. He embraced the temperance movement as soon as he heard of it, and continued to the end of his days a most rigid total abstainer from the use of all ardent spirits. Altogether, he was one of those self-taught, large-hearted, pious, and intellectual men of whom Scotland may well be proud."

LOVELY JEAN.

AIR—"*Miss Forbes' Farewell.*"

'MANG a' the lassies young an' braw,
An' fair as summer's rosy beam,
There 's ane the bonniest o' them a',
That dwells by Manor's mountain stream.
Oft hae I gazed on her sweet face,
An' ilka time new beauties seen;
For aye some new discover'd grace
Endears to me my lovely Jean.

An' oh! to list her ev'ning sang,
When a' alane she gently strays
The yellow waving broom amang,
That blooms on Manor's flow'ry braes—
Her voice sae saft, sae sweet and clear,
Afar in yonder bower sae green,
The mavis quits her lay to hear
A bonnier sang frae lovely Jean.

But it 's no her peerless face nor form,
It 's no her voice sae sweet and clear,
That keeps my love to her sae warm,
An' maks her every day mair dear;
It 's just the beauties o' her mind,
Her easy, winning, modest mien,
Her truth and constancy, which bind
My heart and soul to lovely Jean.

JOHN MALCOLM.

JOHN MALCOLM was the second son of the Rev. John Malcolm, minister of the parish of Firth and Stennis, Orkney, where he was born about 1795. Through a personal application to the Duke of Kent, he was enabled to proceed as a volunteer to join the army in Spain. Arriving at the period when the army under General Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) was besieging St Sebastian, he speedily obtained a lieutenancy in the 42d Regiment, in which he served to the close of the Pyrenees' campaign. Wounded at the battle of Toulouse, by a musket-ball penetrating his right shoulder, and otherwise debilitated, he retired from active service on half-pay, and with a pension for his wound. He now fixed his abode in Edinburgh, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. He contributed to *Constable's Magazine*, and other periodicals. For one of the earlier volumes of "Constable's Miscellany," he wrote a narrative of the Peninsular War. As a poet, he became known by some stanzas on the death of Lord Byron, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*. In 1828, he published "Scenes of War, and other Poems;" and subsequently contributed numerous poetical pieces to the pages of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. A small volume of prose sketches also appeared from

his pen, under the title of "Tales of Field and Flood." In 1831 he undertook the editorship of the *Edinburgh Observer* newspaper, which he held till the period of his death. He died at Edinburgh, of a pulmonary complaint, in September 1835.

Fond of conversation, and abounding in humorous anecdote, Malcolm was especially esteemed for his gentle and amiable deportment. His poetry, which is often vigorous, is uniformly characterised by sweetness of versification.

THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT.

THE music of the night,
Upon its lonely flight
Into the west, where sink its ebbing sands;
That muffled music seems
Like voices heard in dreams,
Sigh'd back from long-lost years and distant lands.

Amid the stillness round,
As 'twere the shade of sound,
Floats on the low sweet strain of lulling tones;
Such as from trembling wire
Of sweet Æolian lyre,
With winds awake in murmurs and in moans.

Oh! melting on the ear,
What solemn chords are there!
The torrent's thunder sunk into a sigh;
And thine, majestic main!
Great Nature's organ strain,
Deep pealing through the temple of the sky.

And songs unsung by day—
The nightingale's lone lay.
From lady's bower, the lover's serenade;
And dirge of hermit-bird
From haunts of ruin heard,
The only voice that wails above the dead.

To them that sail the deep,
When winds have sunk to sleep,
The dreamy murmurs of the night steal on;
Say, does their mystic hum,
So vague and varied, come
From distant shores unseen, and lands unknown?

In them might fancy's ear
Earth's dying echoes hear,
Our home's sweet voices swooning on the floods;
Or songs of festal halls,
Or sound of waterfalls,
Or Indian's dismal war-whoop through the woods.

Joy breathes in morning song,
And happy things among
Her choral bowers wake matins of delight;
But dearer unto me
The dirge-like harmony
Of vesper voices, and of wailing night.

THE SEA.

THE sea—the deep, deep sea—
That awful mystery!
Was there a time of old ere it was born,
Or e'er the dawn of light,
Coeval with the night—
Say, slept it on, for ever and forlorn?

Till the Great Spirit's word
Its sullen waters heard,
And their wild voices, through the void profound,
Gave deep responsive roar;
But silent never more
Shall be their solemn, drear, and dirge-like sound!

Earth's echoes faint and die;
Sunk down into a sigh,
Scamander's voice scarce whispers on its way;
And desert silence reigns
Upon the mighty plains
Where battles' thunders peal'd—and where are they?

But still from age to age
Upon its pilgrimage,
When many a glorious strain the world hath flown;
And while her echoes sleep
In darkness, the great deep,
Unwearied and unchanged, goes sounding on.

ERSKINE CONOLLY.

ERSKINE CONOLLY was born at Crail, Fifeshire, on the 12th of June 1796. At the burgh school of his native town, he received an ordinary elementary education, and was afterwards apprenticed to Mr Cockburn, bookseller in Anstruther. He subsequently commenced business as a bookseller in the small town of Colinsburgh; but after a trial of several years, not having succeeded according to his expectations, he removed to Edinburgh, where he was employed as a clerk by Mr Thomas Megget, writer to the signet. At a future period, he entered into partnership with Mr James Gillon, writer and messenger in Edinburgh; and after his partner's death, carried on the business on his own account. He died at Edinburgh on the 7th January 1843. Of highly sociable dispositions, and with talents of a superior order, Conolly was much beloved among a wide circle of friends. Unambitious of fame as a poet, though he frequently wrote verses, he never ventured on a publication. His popular song of "Mary Macneil," appeared in the *Edinburgh Intelligencer* of the 23d December 1840; it is much to be remarked for deep feeling and genuine tenderness.

MARY MACNEIL.

AIR—"*Kinloch of Kinloch.*"

THE last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sinkin',
Owre mountain an' meadowland glintin' fareweel;
An' thousands o' stars in the heavens were blinkin',
As bright as the een o' sweet Mary Macneil.
A' glowin' wi' gladness she lean'd on her lover,
Her een-tellin' secrets she thought to conceal;
And fondly they wander'd whar nane might discover
The tryst o' young Ronald an' Mary Macneil.

Oh! Mary was modest, an' pure as the lily,
That dew-draps o' mornin' in fragrance reveal;
Nae fresh bloomin' flow'ret in hill or in valley
Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.
She moved, and the graces play'd sportive around her;
She smiled, and the hearts o' the cauldest wad thrill;
She sang, and the mavis cam listenin' in wonder,
To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.

But ae bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',
Frae spring a' its beauty an' blossoms will steal;
An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in',
Inflicts the deep wound nothing earthly can heal.
The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path hiein';
The autumn, his corse on the red battle fiel';
The winter, the maiden found heartbroken, dyin';
An' spring spread the green turf owre Mary Macneil!

THERE'S A THRILL OF EMOTION.

THERE 's a thrill of emotion, half-painful, half-sweet,
When the object of untold affection we meet,
But the pleasure remains, though the pang is as brief,
As the touch and recoil of the sensitive leaf.

There 's a thrill of distress, between anger and dread,
When a frown o'er the fair face of beauty is spread;
But she smiles, and away the disturber is borne,
Like sunbeams dispelling the vapours of morn.

There 's a thrill of endearment, all raptures above,
When the pure lip imprints the first fond kiss of love,
Which, like songs of our childhood, to memory clings,
The longest, the last of terrestrial things.

GEORGE MENZIES.

GEORGE MENZIES was born in the parish of Arbuthnot, Kincardineshire, on the 21st January 1797. His father was an agricultural labourer. On completing his education at a country school, he became, in his fourteenth year, apprentice to a gardener. He prosecuted his vocation in different districts; acted some time as clerk to the contractors of the Forth and Clyde Canal; laboured as a weaver in several towns in the counties of Forfar and Kincardine; and conducted unendowed schools in various localities. In 1833, he emigrated to Canada, where he taught in different seminaries, and afterwards formed a connexion with a succession of public journals. He ultimately became proprietor and editor of the *Woodstock Herald* newspaper. After a short illness, he died at Woodstock, Canada West, on the 4th March 1847, in his fifty-first year.

Menzies was possessed of good talents and indomitable energy. He wrote respectable verses, though not marked by any decided originality. In 1822, he published, at Forfar, a small volume of poems, entitled, "Poetical Trifles," of which a second and enlarged edition appeared five years afterwards. The whole of his poems, with an account of his life, in a duodecimo volume, were published at Montrose in 1854.

THE BRAES OF AUCHINBLAE.

As clear is Luther's wave, I ween,
As gay the grove, the vale as green;
But, oh! the days that we have seen
Are fled, and fled for aye, Mary!

Oh! we have often fondly stray'd
In Fordoun's green embow'ring glade,
And mark'd the moonbeam as it play'd
On Luther's bonnie wave, Mary!

Since then, full many a year and day
With me have slowly pass'd away,
Far from the braes of Auchinblae,
And far from love and thee, Mary!

And we must part again, my dear,
It is not mine to linger here;
Yes, we must part—and, oh! I fear,
We meet not here again, Mary!

For on Culloden's bloody field,
Our hapless Prince's fate is seal'd—
Last night to me it was reveal'd
Sooth as the word of heaven, Mary!

And ere to-morrow's sun shall shine
Upon the heights of Galloquhine,
A thousand victims at the shrine
Of tyranny shall bleed, Mary!

Hark! hark! they come—the foemen come—
I go; but wheresoe'er I roam,
With thee my heart remains at home—
Adieu, adieu for aye, Mary!

FARE THEE WEEL.

FARE thee weel, my bonnie lassie;
Fare thee weel for ever, Jessie!
Though I ne'er again may meet thee,
Tell na me that I 'll forget thee.

By yon starry heavens I vow it!
By my love!—(I mayna rue it)—
By this hour in which we sever!
I will love but thee for ever.

Should the hand of death arrest me,
Think my latest prayer hath blest thee;
As the parting pang draws nearer,
I will love thee aye the dearer.

Still my bosom's love I 'll cherish—
'Tis a spark that winna perish;
Though I ne'er again may meet thee,
Tell na me that I 'll forget thee.

JOHN SIM.

JOHN SIM was born in Paisley, on the 6th of April 1797. His father, James Sim, was engineer in the factory of James Carlile and Sons, and was highly valued by his employers. In the Grammar-school, John made rapid progress in classical learning; and in 1814 entered the University of Glasgow, with a view to the medical profession. He obtained his diploma as surgeon on the 6th of April 1818. He commenced the practice of medicine in the village of Auchinleck, Ayrshire; but removed in a few months to his native town. His professional success was not commensurate with his expectations; and in the hope of bettering his circumstances, he proceeded to the West Indies. He sailed from Greenock on the 19th January 1819, for Trinidad; but had only been resident in that island about eight months when he was seized with a fatal illness. The precise date of his death is unknown.

Sim was a young man of high promise. Early wedded to the muse, he was selected as the original editor of the "Harp of Renfrewshire." He published a small volume of poems and songs. His songs are somewhat imitative, but are remarkable for sweetness of expression, and are pervaded by genial sentiment.

NAE MAIR WE 'LL MEET.

AIR—"*We 'll meet beside the dusky glen.*"

NAE mair we 'll meet again, my love, by yon burn side—
Nae mair we 'll wander through the grove, by yon burn side—
Ne'er again the mavis lay will we hail at close o' day,
Nor ne'er again we 'll stray down by yon burn side.

Yet mem'ry oft will fondly brood on yon burn side,
O'er haunts which we sae saft hae trod, by yon burn side;
Still the walk wi' me thou 'lt share, though thy foot can never mair
Bend to earth the gowan fair, down by yon burn side.

Now far removed from every care, 'boon yon burn side,
Thou bloom'st, my love, an angel fair, 'boon yon burn side;
And if angels pity know, sure the tear for me will flow,
Who must linger here below, down by yon burn side.

BONNIE PEGGY.*

AIR—"*Bonnie lassie, O!*"

OH, we aft hae met at e'en, bonnie Peggy, O!
On the banks of Cart sae green, bonnie Peggy, O!
Where the waters smoothly rin,
Far aneath the roarin' linn,

* This song is much in the strain of the popular song of "Kelvin Grove," which, it may here be remarked, has often been erroneously ascribed to Sim.

Far frae busy strife and din, bonnie Peggy, O!
When the lately crimson west, bonnie Peggy, O!
In her darker robe was dress'd, bonnie Peggy, O!
And a sky of azure blue,
Deck'd with stars of golden hue,
Rose majestic to the view, bonnie Peggy, O!
When the sound of flute or horn, bonnie Peggy, O!
On the gale of ev'ning borne, bonnie Peggy, O!
We have heard in echoes die,
While the wave that rippled by,
Sung a soft and sweet reply, bonnie Peggy, O!

Then how happy would we rove, bonnie Peggy, O!
Whilst thou, blushing, own'd thy love, bonnie Peggy, O!
Whilst thy quickly throbbing breast
To my beating heart I press'd,
Ne'er was mortal half so blest, bonnie Peggy, O!
Now, alas! these scenes are o'er, bonnie Peggy, O!
Now, alas! we meet no more, bonnie Peggy, O!
Oh! never again, I ween,
Will we meet at summer e'en

It was contributed to the "Harp of Renfrewshire," then under his editorial care, by his townsman, class-fellow, and professional brother, Mr Thomas Lyle, surgeon, Glasgow, and was published in that work (p. 144) by Mr John Murdoch, the successor of Sim in the editorship, with a number of alterations by that gentleman. Of these alterations Mr Lyle complained to Mr Sim, and received a letter from him attributing them to Mr Murdoch. On the completion of the work, Sim was mentioned in the index as the author of the song—by the poet Motherwell, the third and last editor, who, not unnaturally, assigned to the original editor those songs which appeared anonymously in the earlier portion of the volume. The song being afterwards published with music by Mr Purdie, musicseller in Edinburgh, Mr Lyle was induced to adopt measures for establishing his title to the authorship. In the absence of the original MS., the claim was sufficiently made out by the production of Mr Sim's letter on the subject of the alterations. (See Memoir of Mr Lyle, *postea*.)

On the banks of Cart sae green, bonnie Peggy, O!
Yet had'st thou been true to me, bonnie Peggy, O!
As I still hae been to thee, bonnie Peggy, O!
Then with bosom, oh, how light,
Had I hail'd the coming night,
And yon evening star so bright, bonnie Peggy, O!

NOW, MARY, NOW THE STRUGGLE 'S O'ER.*

Gaelic Air.

Now, Mary, now the struggle 's o'er—
The war of pride and love;
And, Mary, now we meet no more,
Unless we meet above.

Too well thou know'st how much I loved!
Thou knew'st my hopes how fair!
But all these hopes are blighted now,
They point but to despair.

Thus doom'd to ceaseless, hopeless love,
I haste to India's shore;
For here how can I longer stay,
And call thee mine no more?

Now, Mary, now the struggle 's o'er;
And though I still must love,
Yet, Mary, here we meet no more,
Oh, may we meet above!

* This song was addressed to a young lady to whom the author was attached, and who had agreed to marry him on an improvement in his worldly circumstances. A desire speedily to gain her hand is said to have been the cause of his proceeding to the West Indies. The prediction in the song was sadly realised.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL was born in High Street, Glasgow, on the 13th October 1797. For thirteen generations, his paternal ancestors were owners of the small property of Muirsmill, on the banks of the Carron, Stirlingshire. His father, who bore the same Christian name, carried on the business of an ironmonger in Glasgow. His mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Barnet, was the daughter of a prosperous farmer in the parish of Auchterarder, Perthshire, from whom she inherited a considerable fortune. Of a family of six, William was the third son. His parents removed to Edinburgh early in the century; and in April 1805, he became a pupil of Mr William Lennie, a successful private teacher in Crichton Street. In October 1808, he entered the High-school of Edinburgh; but was soon after placed at the Grammar-school of Paisley, being entrusted to the care of an uncle in that place. In his fifteenth year, he became clerk in the office of the Sheriff-clerk of Paisley, and in this situation afforded evidence of talent by the facility with which he deciphered the more ancient documents. With the view of obtaining a more extended acquaintance with classical literature, he attended the Latin and Greek classes in the University of Glasgow, during the session of 1818–19, and had the good fortune soon thereafter to receive the appointment of Sheriff-clerk-depute of the county of Renfrew.

From his boyhood fond of literature, Motherwell devoted his spare hours to reading and composition. He evinced poetical talent so early as his fourteenth year, when he produced the first draught of his beautiful ballad of "Jeanie Morrison." Many of his earlier sketches, both in prose and verse, were inconsiderately distributed among his friends. In 1818, he made some contributions in verse to the "Visitor," a small work published at Greenock; and in the following year became the third and last editor of the "Harp of Renfrewshire," an esteemed collection of songs, to which he supplied an interesting introductory essay and many valuable notes. Pursuing his researches on the subject of Scottish song and ballad, he appeared in 1827 as the editor of an interesting quarto volume, entitled "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern,"—a work which considerably extended his reputation, and secured him the friendly correspondence of Sir Walter Scott. In 1828, he originated the *Paisley Magazine*, which was conducted by him during its continuance of one year; it contains several of his best poetical compositions, and a copy is now extremely rare. During the same year, he was appointed editor of the *Paisley Advertiser*, a Conservative newspaper; and this office he exchanged, in January 1830, for the editorship of the *Glasgow Courier*, a more influential journal in the same political interests.

On his removal to Glasgow, Motherwell rapidly extended the circle of his literary friends, and began to exercise no unimportant influence as a public journalist. To *The Day*, a periodical published in the city in 1832, he contributed many poetical pieces with some prose sketches; and about the same time furnished a preface of some length to a volume of Scottish Proverbs, edited by his ingenious friend, Andrew Henderson.

Towards the close of 1832, he collected his best poetical compositions into a small volume, with the title of "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical." In 1835, he became the coadjutor of the Ettrick Shepherd in annotating an edition of Burns' Works, published by Messrs Fullarton of Glasgow; but his death took place before the completion of this undertaking. He died of apoplexy, after a few hours' illness, on the 1st of November 1835, at the early age of thirty-eight. His remains were interred in the Necropolis, where an elegant monument, with a bust by Fillans, has been erected to his memory.

Motherwell was of short stature, but was well-formed. His head was large and forehead ample, but his features were somewhat coarse; his cheek-bones were prominent, and his eyes small, sunk in his head, and surmounted by thick eye-lashes. In society he was reserved and often taciturn, but was free and communicative among his personal friends. He was not a little superstitious, and a firm believer in the reality of spectral illusions. Desultory in some of his literary occupations, he was laborious in pruning and perfecting his poetical compositions. His claims as a poet are not inconsiderable; "Jeanie Morrison" is unsurpassed in graceful simplicity and feeling, and though he had not written another line, it had afforded him a title to rank among the greater minstrels of his country. Eminent pathos and earnestness are his characteristics as a song-writer. The translations of Scandinavian ballads which he has produced are perhaps the most vigorous and successful efforts of the kind which have appeared in the language. An excellent edition of his poetical works, with a memoir by Dr M'Conechy, was published after his death by Mr David Robertson of Glasgow.

JEANIE MORRISON.*

I 'VE wander'd east, I 've wander'd west,
Through mony a weary way,
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows owre my path,
And blind my een wi' tears;
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears;
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

* The heroine of this song, Miss Jane Morrison, now Mrs Murdoch, still survives. Her father, Mr Ebenezer Morrison, was a respectable brewer and corn-merchant in Alloa. In the autumn of 1807, when in her seventh year, she became a pupil of Mr Lennie, and for several months occupied the same class-room with young Motherwell. Of the flame which she had excited in the susceptible heart of her boy-lover, she was totally unconscious. Mr Lennie, however, in a statement published by the editor of Motherwell's poems, refers to the strong impression which she made on the young poet; he describes her as "a pretty girl, and of good capacity." "Her hair," he adds, "was of a lightish brown, approaching to fair; her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression; her temper was mild, and her manners unassuming." In 1823, Miss Morrison became the wife of Mr John Murdoch, commission-agent in Glasgow, who died in 1829. She has since resided in different places, but has now (Whitsunday 1856) fixed her abode in the vicinity of Stirling. She never met the poet in after-life, and has only an imperfect recollection of his appearance as a boy. The ballad of "Jeanie Morrison" had been published for several years before she became aware that she was the heroine. It remains to be added, somewhat in justification of the poet's juvenile passion, that Mrs Murdoch is a person of the most gentle and amiable manners, and retains, in a very remarkable degree, that personal beauty for which she was celebrated in youth.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun owre ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson—but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays
(The schule then skailt at noon)
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thoughts rush back
O' schule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
  The deavin', dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
  And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung owre our heads,
  The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood,
  The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
  The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with nature's heart in tune,
  Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
  For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
  Wi' very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Tears trickled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
  Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
  When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
  Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
  Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
  As ye hae been to me!
Oh, tell me gin their music fills
  Thine heart, as it does mine;
Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
  Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I 've wander'd east, I 've wander'd west,
I 've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

Oh, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I 've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygane days and me!

WEARIE'S WELL.

In a saft simmer gloamin',
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met,
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the broom bank,
And look'd in the burn,
But sidelang we look'd on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corncraik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky;

The burn babbled freely
  Its love to ilk flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
  In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought,
  Above or around;
We felt that our luve lived,
  And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
  Till tears fill'd my e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof—
  A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter snaw 's fa'ing
  On bare holm and lea,
And the cauld wind is strippin'
  Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
  Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
  Faith fades in your heart.

You 've waled out anither
  Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luve sae
  As mine luvit thee?
Ye'll get biggings and mailins,
  And mony braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
  The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever,
  My first luve and last;
May thy joys be to come—
  Mine live in the past.

In sorrow and sadness
This hour fa's on me;
But light, as thy luve, may
It fleet over thee!

WAE BE TO THE ORDERS.

Oh! wae be to the orders that march'd my luve awa',
And wae be to the cruel cause that gars my tears down fa',
Oh! wae be to the bluidy wars in Hie Germanie,
For they hae ta'en my luve, and left a broken heart to me.

The drums beat in the mornin', afore the screich o' day,
And the wee, wee fifes play'd loud and shrill, while yet the morn was gray;
The bonnie flags were a' unfurl'd, a gallant sight to see,
But waes me for my sodger lad that march'd to Germanie.

Oh! lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie Pier o' Leith,
Oh! dreich it is to gang on foot wi' the snaw drift in the teeth!
And oh, the cauld wind froze the tear that gather'd in my e'e,
When I gaed there to see my luve embark for Germanie.

I look'd owre the braid blue sea, sae lang as could be seen
A wee bit sail upon the ship that my sodger lad was in;
But the wind was blawin' sair an' snell, and the ship sail'd speedilie,
And the waves and cruel wars hae twinn'd my winsome luve frae me.

I never think o' dancin', and I downa try to sing,
But a' the day I speir what news kind neibour bodies bring;
I sometimes knit a stocking, if knittin' it may be,
Syne for every loop that I cast on, I 'm sure to let doun three.

My father says I 'm in a pet, my mither jeers at me,
And bans me for a dautit wean, in dorts for aye to be;
But little weet they o' the cause that drumles sae my e'e,
Oh! they hae nae winsome love like mine, in the wars o' Germanie.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

MOURNFULLY, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by:
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloom'd to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory,
In each dull heavy tone:
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished,
Ere death hath made it lone.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
  This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
  Hope's passionate farewell.
To the dreamy joys of early years,
  Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay, well may tears
  Start at that parting knell!

HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!

He is gone! he is gone!
  Like the leaf from the tree,
Or the down that is blown
  By the wind o'er the lea.
He is fled—the light-hearted!
Yet a tear must have started
To his eye when he parted
  From love-stricken me!

He is fled! he is fled!
  Like a gallant so free—
Plumed cap on his head,
  And sharp sword by his knee;
While his gay feathers flutter'd,
Surely something he mutter'd—
He at least must have utter'd
  A farewell to me!

He 's away! he 's away!
To far lands o'er the sea,
And long is the day
Ere home he can be;
But where'er his steed prances
Amid thronging lances,
Sure he 'll think of the glances
That love stole from me!

He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree,
But his heart is of stone
If it ne'er dream of me;
For I dream of him ever—
His buff-coat and beaver,
And long sword, oh! never
Are absent from me!

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR was born at Musselburgh on the 5th January 1798. His elementary education was conducted at a private seminary and the Grammar-school of that town. He subsequently attended the medical classes in the University of Edinburgh, and in his eighteenth year obtained a surgeon's diploma. In partnership with Dr Brown, a respectable physician of long standing, he entered on medical practice in his native place. He wrote good poetry in his fifteenth year, and about the same age contributed some prose essays to the *Cheap Magazine*, a small periodical published in Haddington. In 1816 he published a poem entitled "The Bombardment of Algiers." For a succession of years after its commencement in 1817, he wrote numerous articles for *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine*. Soon after the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, he became one of its more conspicuous contributors; and his poetical contributions, which were generally subscribed by his literary *nom de guerre*, the Greek letter Delta (Δ), long continued a source of much interest to the readers of that periodical. In 1824 he published a collection of his poetical pieces, under the title of "Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems." "The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch,"

originally supplied in a series of chapters to *Blackwood*, and afterwards published in a separate form, much increased his reputation as an author. In 1831 appeared his "Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine;" a work which was followed, in 1832, by a pamphlet entitled, "Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera;" and a further publication, with the title, "Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera." A third volume of poems from his pen, entitled "Domestic Verses," was published in 1843. In the early part of 1851 he delivered, at the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, a course of six lectures on the "Poetical Literature of the Past Half-century," which, afterwards published in an elegant volume by the Messrs Blackwood, commanded a large share of public attention. In a state of somewhat impaired health, he proceeded to Dumfries on the 1st day of July 1851, hoping to derive benefit from a change of scene and climate. But his end was approaching; he died at Dumfries on the 6th of the same month, having reached only his 53d year. His remains were interred, at a public funeral, in the burying-ground of Musselburgh, where a monument has been erected to his memory. Indefatigable in the discharge of his professional duties, Moir regularly devoted a portion of his time to the gratification of his literary tastes. A pleasant prose writer, he will be remembered for his inimitable drollery in the adventures of "Mansie Wauch." As a poet, his style is perspicuous and simple; and his characteristics are tenderness, dignity, and grace. He is occasionally humorous, but he excels in the plaintive and elegiac. Much of his poetry breathes the odour of a genuine piety. He was personally of an agreeable presence. Tall in stature, his countenance, which was of sanguine hue, wore a serious aspect, unless kindled

up by the recital of some humorous tale. His mode of utterance was singularly pleasing, and his dispositions were pervaded by a generous benignity. He loved society, but experienced his chief happiness in the social intercourse of his own family circle. He had married in 1829; and his amiable widow, with eight children, still survive. A collected edition of his best poems, in two duodecimo volumes, has been published since his death, by the Messrs Blackwood, under the editorial superintendence of Thomas Aird, who has prefixed an interesting memoir.

CASA WAPPY.*

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathom'd agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven.
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

* This touching elegiac poem (which is not unsuitable for music) was written by Mr Moir on the death of his favourite child, Charles Bell —familiarly called by him "Casa Wappy"—who died in February 1838, at the age of four and a half years.

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still,
A form of light.
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till, oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

* * * * *

The nursery shews thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball;
But where art thou?

A corner holds thine empty chair;
Thy playthings, idly scatter'd there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

* * * * *

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea—
All—to the wallflower and wild pea—
Are changed—we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy!

* * * * *

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below—
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
Return, but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so! but can it be—(while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom in death—that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh! can it be that o'er the grave
The grass, renew'd, should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery—thought were woe,
And truth a lie—
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
Religion frenzy—virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star—death's uncongenial wild—
Smiling above!
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there
With him in joy!
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while farewell,
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell
Thus torn apart—
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I 'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

FAREWELL, OUR FATHERS' LAND.

FAREWELL, our fathers' land,
Valley and fountain!
Farewell, old Scotland's strand,
Forest and mountain!
Then hush the drum and hush the flute,
And be the stirring bagpipe mute—
Such sounds may not with sorrow suit—
And fare thee well, Lochaber!

This plume and plaid no more will see,
Nor philabeg, nor dirk at knee,
Nor even the broadswords which Dundee
Bade flash at Killiecrankie.
Farewell, our fathers' land, &c.

Now when of yore, on bank and brae,
Our loyal clansmen marshall'd gay;
Far downward scowls Bennevis gray,
On sheep-walks spreading lonely.
Farewell, our fathers' land, &c.

For now we cross the stormy sea,
Ah! never more to look on thee,
Nor on thy dun deer, bounding free,
From Etive glens to Morven.
Farewell, our fathers' land, &c.

Thy mountain air no more we 'll breathe;
The household sword shall eat the sheath,
While rave the wild winds o'er the heath
Where our gray sires are sleeping.
Then farewell, our fathers' land, &c.

HEIGH-HO!

A PRETTY young maiden sat on the grass—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And by a blithe young shepherd did pass,
In the summer morning so early.
Said he, "My lass, will you go with me,
My cot to keep and my bride to be;
Sorrow and want shall never touch thee,
And I will love you rarely?"

"O! no, no, no!" the maiden said—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And bashfully turn'd aside her head,
On that summer morning so early.
"My mother is old, my mother is frail,
Our cottage it lies in yon green dale;
I dare not list to any such tale,
For I love my kind mother rarely."

The shepherd took her lily-white hand—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And on her beauty did gazing stand,
On that summer morning so early.

"Thy mother I ask thee not to leave
Alone in her frail old age to grieve;
But my home can hold us all, believe—
Will that not please thee fairly?"

"O! no, no, no! I am all too young"—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
"I dare not list to a young man's tongue,
On a summer morning so early."
But the shepherd to gain her heart was bent;
Oft she strove to go, but she never went;
And at length she fondly blush'd consent—
Heaven blesses true lovers so fairly.

ROBERT FRASER.

ROBERT FRASER was born in the village of Pathhead, Fifeshire, on the 24th of June 1798. Receiving a respectable education at the various schools of the place, he became apprenticed in his fourteenth year to a wine-merchant in Kirkcaldy, with whom he continued during a period of four years. In 1819 he commenced business with a partner as an ironmonger in Kirkcaldy, and for a considerable time was prosperous in merchandise. His spare hours were devoted to literature, more especially to classical learning and the acquisition of the modern languages. He was latterly familiar with all the languages of Europe. He contributed both in prose and verse to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and other periodicals. A series of misfortunes led to his renouncing business, and in 1838 he accepted the editorship of the *Fife Herald* newspaper, when he removed his residence to Cupar-Fife. He died at Cupar, after a lingering illness, on the 22d May 1839. His "Poetical Remains," with a memoir from the pen of the poet Vedder, were published a few months after his decease. Though not entitled to a high rank, his poetry is pervaded by gracefulness, and some of his lyrics evince considerable power.

OH, I LO'ED MY LASSIE WEEL.

Oh, I lo'ed my lassie weel,
  How weel I canna tell;
Lang, lang ere ithers trow'd,
  Lang ere I wist mysel'.
At the school amang the lave,
  If I wrestled or I ran,
I cared na' for the prize,
  If she saw me when I wan.

Oh, I lo'ed my lassie weel,
  When thae gleesome days were gane;
'Mang a' the bonnie an' the gude,
  To match her saw I nane.
Though the cauld warl' o'er me cam,
  Wi' its cumber an' its toil,
My day-tide dool was a' forgot,
  In her blithe e'enin' smile.

Oh, I lo'ed, nor lo'ed in vain;
  An' though mony cam to woo,
Wha to won her wad been fain,
  Yet to me she aye was true.
She grat wi' very joy
  When our waddin' day was set;
An' though twal' gude years sinsyne hae fled,
  She 's my darling lassie yet.

JAMES HISLOP.

JAMES HISLOP, a short-lived poet of considerable promise, was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, Dumfriesshire, in July 1798. Under the care of his grandfather, a country weaver, and a man of piety and worth, he taught himself to read. When little more than a child, he became a cow-herd on the farm of Dalblair, in the neighbourhood of his birth-place. About the age of thirteen, he obtained a year's schooling, which was nearly the whole amount of his regular education. He had already read many books on the hillside. In his fourteenth year, he became a shepherd and tended his first flock at Boghead, parish of Auchinleck, Ayrshire, in the immediate vicinity of Airsmoss, the scene of the skirmish, in 1680, between a body of the soldiers of Charles II. and a small party of Covenanters, when their minister, the famous Richard Cameron, was slain. The traditions which still floated among the peasantry around the tombstone of this indomitable pastor of the persecuted Presbyterians, essentially fostered in his mind the love of poetry; and he afterwards turned them to account in his poem of "The Cameronian's Dream." Some years having passed at this place, he removed to Corsebank, on the stream Crawick, and afterwards to Carcoe, in the neighbourhood of Sanquhar. Instead of a course of in-

discriminate reading, he now followed a system of regular study; and ere his twentieth year, was not only a respectable classical scholar, but tolerably conversant with some of the modern languages and the exact sciences. He opened an evening school for the instruction of his humble pastoral associates; and about the close of 1819, was induced to remove to Greenock, there to make the attempt of earning a livelihood by teaching. In October of the same year, he began to contribute verses to the *Edinburgh Magazine*, which excited no inconsiderable attention, and especially called forth the kindly criticisms of the amiable editor, the Rev. Mr Morehead. Visiting Edinburgh, he was introduced by this gentleman to Mr Jeffrey and the Rev. Mr Alison, who had both been interested by his poetry.

The Greenock school adventure was unfortunate, and the poet returned to the pastoral scenes of Carcoe. At this period he composed "The Cameronian's Dream," which appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for February 1821, and attracted much attention. He now commenced teaching in Edinburgh; but soon obtained, through the recommendation of Mr Jeffrey, the appointment of schoolmaster in the "Doris" frigate, about to sail for South America. At sea, he continued to apply himself to mental improvement; and on his return from a three years' cruise along the coasts of the Western world, he published, in the pages of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, a series of papers, under the title of "Letters from South America," describing the scenes which he had surveyed. In 1825 he proceeded to London, and there formed the acquaintance of Allan Cunningham, Joanna Baillie, and J. G. Lockhart. For some time, he reported to one of the London newspapers; but this employment proving uncongenial, was speedily aban-

doned. The fidelity with which he had reported a sermon of the famous Edward Irving, gained him the personal acquaintance of that extraordinary individual, who presented him with some tokens of his regard. In 1826, he was appointed teacher of an extensive free school in the neighbourhood of London—an office which, at the end of a year, he exchanged for that of schoolmaster on board the "Tweed" man-of-war, ordered to the Mediterranean and the Cape of Good Hope. While the vessel was cruising off the Cape de Verd islands, Hislop, along with the midshipmen, made a visit of pleasure to the island of St Jago. Sleeping a night on shore, they were all seized with fever, which, in the case of six of the party, including poor Hislop, proved fatal. After lingering for twelve days, he died on the 4th December 1827, in his twenty-ninth year.

Of a clear head, a warm heart, and exemplary steadiness of character, Hislop was much beloved; and a wide circle of hopeful friends deeply lamented his premature decease. By Allan Cunningham, his genius has been described as "elegant rather than vigorous, sweet and graceful rather than lofty, although he was occasionally lofty, too." As the author of "The Cameronian's Dream," he is entitled to a place among the bards of his country.

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

In a dream of the night, I was wafted away
To the muirlands of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood,
And in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning, and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in lovely repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable, the clear shining dew
Glisten'd sheen 'mong the heath-bells and mountain-flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, in a white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthen'd and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, ah! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings—
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings—
And drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Conceal'd 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl were crying;
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheath'd,
But the vengeance that darken'd their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes raised to heaven, in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the sweet mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'midst derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes flash'd lightning, as, proud and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder was rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew black, and the thunder was rolling,
As in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turn'd upon axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its door, bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding;
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye—
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

HOW SWEET THE DEWY BELL IS SPREAD.

How sweet the dewy bell is spread
  Where Spango's mossy streams are lavin'
The heathery locks o' deepenin' red,
  Around the mountain brow aye wavin'!
Here, on the sunny mountain side,
  Dear lassie, we 'll lie down thegither;
Where Nature spreads luve's crimson bed,
  Among the bonnie bloomin' heather.

Lang hae I wish'd, my lovely maid,
  Amang thae fragrant wilds to lead ye;
And now, aneath my tartan plaid,
  How blest I lie wi' you aside me!
And art thou happy—dearest, speak—
  Wi' me aneath the tartan plaidie?
Yes; that dear glance, sae saft and meek,
  Resigns thee to thy shepherd laddie.

The saftness o' the gentle dove,
  Its eyes in dying sweetness closin',
Is like thae languid eyes o' love,
  Sae fondly on my heart reposin'.
When simmer suns the flowers expand,
  In a' their silken beauties shinin',
They 're no sae saft as thy white hand,
  Upon my love-warm cheek reclinin'.

While thus, aneath my tartan plaid,
  Sae warmly to my lips I press ye;
That hinnied bloom o' dewy red
  Is nocht like thy sweet lips, dear lassie!
Reclined on love's soft crimson bed,
  Our hearts sae fondly lock'd thegither;
Thus o'er my cheek thy ringlets spread,
  How happy, happy 'mang the heather!

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

A RESPECTABLE contributor to the Caledonian minstrelsy, Robert Gilfillan was born in Dunfermline on the 7th July 1798. His parents were in humble circumstances; and owing to the infirmities of his father, he was required, while a mere youth, to engage in manual labour for the support of the family. He found a solace to his toils in the gratification of a turn for verse-making, which he inherited from his mother. In his thirteenth year, he entered on an apprenticeship to a cooper in Leith; and at the age of twenty, became a grocer's assistant in his native town. From his twenty-third till his thirty-ninth year, he acted as clerk to a wine-merchant in Leith. In 1837, he was preferred to the office of Collector of Poor's-rates in Leith, and continued to hold this appointment till his death. This event took place on the 4th December 1850, in his fifty-second year.

A man of amiable and social dispositions, Gilfillan was much cherished among the wits of the capital. A volume of lyrics from his pen passed through two editions; and several of his songs have been set to music, and have attained a well-merited popularity. His style is remarkable for graceful simplicity.

MANOR BRAES.

TUNE—"*Logan Water.*"

WHERE Manor stream rins blithe an' clear,
And Castlehill's white wa's appear,
I spent ae day, aboon a' days,
By Manor stream, 'mang Manor braes.
The purple heath was just in bloom,
And bonnie waved the upland broom,
The flocks on flowery braes lay still,
Or, heedless, wander'd at their will.

'Twas there, 'mid Nature's calm repose,
Where Manor clearest, saftest flows,
I met a maiden fair to see,
Wi' modest look and bashfu' e'e;
Her beauty to the mind did bring
A morn where summer blends wi' spring,
So bright, so pure, so calm, so fair,
'Twas bliss to look—to linger there!

Ilk word cam frae her bosom warm,
Wi' love to win and sense to charm,
So much of nature, nought of art,
She 'll live enthroned within my heart!
Aboon her head the laverock sang,
And 'neath her feet the wild-flowers sprang;
Oh, let me dwell, where beauty strays,
By Manor stream an' Manor braes.

I speir'd gif ane sae young an' fair
Knew aught of love, wi' a' its care?
She said her heart frae love was free,
But aye she blush'd wi' downcast e'e.

The parting cam, as partings come,
Wi' looks that speak, though tongues be dumb;
Yet I 'll return, ere many days,
To live an' love 'mang Manor braes.

FARE THEE WELL.

TUNE—"*Roy's Wife.*"

FARE THEE WELL, for I must leave thee;
But, oh, let not our parting grieve thee;
Happier days may yet be mine,
At least I wish them thine—believe me!

We part—but by those dew-drops clear,
My love for thee will last for ever;
I leave thee—but thy image dear,
Thy tender smiles, will leave me never.
Fare thee well, &c.

Oh! dry those pearly tears that flow—
One farewell smile before we sever;
The only balm for parting woe
Is—fondly hope 'tis not for ever.
Fare thee well, &c.

Though dark and dreary lowers the night,
Calm and serene may be the morrow;
The cup of pleasure ne'er shone bright,
Without some mingling drops of sorrow!
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
But, oh, let not our parting grieve thee;
Happier days may yet be mine,
At least I wish them thine—believe me!

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the first rose of summer that opes to my view,
With its bright crimson bosom all bathed in the dew;
It bows to its green leaves with pride from its throne—
'Tis the queen of the valley, and reigneth alone.

Oh! why, lovely stranger! thus early in bloom,
Art thou here to assure us that summer is come?
The primrose and harebell appear with the spring,
But tidings of summer the young roses bring.

Thou fair gift of nature (I welcome the boon),
Was 't the lark of the morning that 'woke thee so soon?
Yet I weep, thou sweet floweret! for soon, from the sky,
The lark shall repose where thy leaves wither'd lie.

Oh! if beauty could save thee, thou ne'er wouldst decay,
But, alas! soon thou 'lt perish and wither away;
And thy kindred may blossom, and blossom as fair—
Yet I 'll mourn, lonely rosebud! when thou art not there.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

Tune—"*My ain Countrie.*"

Oh! why left I my hame,
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?

I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea;
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie!

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn;
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie,
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie!

There 's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain;
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There 's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie!

THE HAPPY DAYS O' YOUTH.

Oh! the happy days o' youth are fast gaun by,
And age is coming on, wi' its bleak winter sky;
An' whar shall we shelter frae its storms when they blaw,
When the gladsome days o' youth are flown awa'?

They said that wisdom cam wi' manhood's riper years,
But naething did they tell o' its sorrows an' tears;
Oh! I 'd gie a' the wit, gif ony wit be mine,
For ae sunny morning o' bonnie langsyne.

I canna dow but sigh, I canna dow but mourn,
For the blithe happy days that never can return;
When joy was in the heart, an' love was on the tongue,
An' mirth on ilka face, for ilka face was young.

Oh! the bonnie weaving broom, whaur aften we did meet,
Wi' its yellow flowers that fell like gowd 'mang our feet;
The bird would stop its sang, but only for a wee,
As we gaed by its nest, 'neath its ain birk-tree.

Oh! the sunny days o' youth, they couldna aye remain—
There was ower meikle joy and ower little pain;
Sae fareweel, happy days! an' fareweel, youthfu' glee!
The young may court your smiles, but ye 're gane frae me.

'TIS SAIR TO DREAM.

'Tis sair to dream o' them we like,
That waking we sall never see;
Yet oh! how kindly was the smile
My laddie in my sleep gave me!
I thought we sat beside the burn
That wimples down the flowery glen,
Where, in our early days o' love,
We met that ne'er sall meet again.

The simmer sun sank 'neath the wave,
And gladden'd wi' his parting ray
The woodland wild and valley green,
Fast fading into gloamin' gray.
He talk'd of days o' future joy,
And yet my heart was haflins sair;
For when his eye it beam'd on me,
A withering death-like glance was there!

I thought him dead, and then I thought
That life was young and love was free;
For o'er our heads the mavis sang,
And hameward hied the janty bee!
We pledged our love and plighted troth,
But cauld, cauld was the kiss he gave;
When, starting from my dream, I found
His troth was plighted to the grave!

I canna weep, for hope is fled,
And nought would do but silent mourn,
Were 't no for dreams that should na come,
To whisper back my love's return.
'Tis sair to dream o' them we like,
That waking we sall never see;
Yet, oh! how kindly was the smile
My laddie in my sleep gave me!

METRICAL TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Modern Gaelic Minstrelsy.

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The Modern Gaelic Minstrelsy.

WILLIAM ROSS.

William Ross, the Bard of Gairloch, and the Burns of the Gaelic Highlands, was born at Broadford, in the island of Skye, in 1762. He received his school education at Forres, whither his parents removed during his youth, and obtained his training as a poet among the wilds of Highland scenery, which he visited with his father, who followed the calling of a pedlar. Acquiring a knowledge of the classics and of general learning, he was found qualified for the situation of parish schoolmaster of Gairloch. He died at Gairloch in 1790, at the early age of twenty-eight. Ross celebrated the praises of whisky (*uisg-bea*) in several lyrics, which continue popular among the Gael; but the chief theme of his inspiration was "Mary Ross," a fair Hebridean, whose coldness and ultimate desertion are understood to have proved fatal to the too susceptible poet.

THE HIGHLAND MAY.

I.

LET the maids of the Lowlands
Vaunt their silks and their Hollands,
In the garb of the Highlands
Oh give me my dear!
Such a figure for grace!
For the Loves such a face!
And for lightness the pace
That the grass shall not stir.

* * * *

II.

Lips of cherry confine
Teeth of ivory shine,
And with blushes combine
To keep us in thrall.
Thy converse exceeding
All eloquent pleading,
Thy voice never needing
To rival the fall
Of the music of art,—
Steal their way to the heart,
And resistless impart
Their enchantment to all.

III.

When *Beltane* is over,
And summer joys hover,
With thee a glad rover
I 'll wander along,

Where the harp-strings of nature
Are strung by each creature,
And the sleep shall be sweeter
That lulls to their song,
There, bounding together,
On the lawn of the heather,
And free from the tether,
The heifers shall throng.

IV.

There shall pasture the ewes,
There the spotted goats browse,
And the kids shall arouse
In their madness of play;
They shall butt, they shall fight,
They shall emulate flight,
They shall break with delight
O'er the mountains away.
And there shall my Mary
With her faithful one tarry,
And never be weary
In the hollows to stray.

V.

While a concert shall cheer us,
For the bushes are near us;
And the birds shall not fear us,
We 'll harbour so still.

* * * *

Strains the mavis his throat,
Lends the cuckoo her note,
And the world is forgot
By the side of the hill.

THE CELT AND THE STRANGER.

THE dawn it is breaking; but lonesome and eerie
Is the hour of my waking, afar from the glen.*
Alas! that I ever came a wanderer hither,
Where the tongue of the stranger is racking my brain!

Cleft in twain is my heart, all my pleasure betraying;
The half is behind, but the better is straying
The shade of the hills and the copses away in,
And the truant I call to the Lowlands in vain.

I know why it wanders,—it is to be treading
Where long I frequented the haunts of my dear,
The meadow so dewy, the glades so o'erspreading,
With the gowans to lean on, the mavis to cheer.

It is to be tending where heifers are wending,
And the birds, with the music of love, are contending;
And rapture, its passion to innocence lending,
Is a dance in my soul, and a song in my ear.

CORMAC'S CURE.

The following is a portion of the poet's "Lament for his Lost Love," on her departure to England with her husband. Cormac, an Irish harper, was long entertained in his professional character by Macleod of Lewis; and had the temerity to make love to the chief's daughter. On the discovery, and its apprehended conse-

* This song was written in Edinburgh.

quences to his safety, he is said to have formed the desperate resolution of slaying the father, and carrying away the lady. His hand was stayed, as he raised the deadly weapon, by the sudden appearance of Macleod's son; who, with rare and commendable temper, advised him to look for a love among the hundred maidens of his own degree who were possessed of equal charms. With the same uncommon self-command, poor Cormac formed the resolution of drowning his love in the swell of his own music. Ross applies the story to his own case.

THUS sung the minstrel Cormac, his anguish to beguile,
And laid his hand upon his harp, and struck the strings the while—
"Since they have taught my lady fair on her poet's gifts to frown,
In deeper swellings of the lay, I'll learn my love to drown."

When Colin Cormac's guilty grasp was closing with the spear,
Rush'd in the chieftain's heir, and cried, "What frenzied mood is here!
Sure many a May of ruby ray, as blushful on the brow,
As rosy on the lip, is there—then, why so frantic thou?"

The heart-struck minstrel heard the word; and though his flame, uncured,
Still fired his soul, in haste the shores of danger he abjured:
But aye he rung his harp, though now it knew another strain,
And loud arose its warblings as the sounding of the main.

Yes! 'twas an organ peal that soar'd the vocal lift along,
As chorus'd to the high-strung harp his words of mightier song,
Lest, hapless chance! should rise, above the swelling of the tide,
A remnant of the ambitious love that sought a noble bride.

But I, alas! no language find, of Sassenach or Gael,
Nor note of music in the land, my cureless woe to quail.
And art thou gone, without a word, without a kindly look
Of smiling comfort, on the bard whose life thy beauty shook?

Not so it fared with Cormac; for thus the tale is told,
That never, to the last, he brook'd desertion's bitter cold.
His comrades sorrow'd round him; his dear vouchsafed a kiss—
He almost thought he heard her sigh, "*Come back again to bliss!*"

THE LAST LAY OF LOVE.

This was composed when Ross was dying, and probably when he was aware of his approaching end. He died of consumption, precipitated by the espousals of his mistress to another lover.

REFT the charm of the social shell
By the touch of the sorrowful mood;
And already the worm, in her cell,
Is preparing the birth of her brood.

She blanches the hue of my cheek,
  And exposes my desperate love;
Nor needs it that death should bespeak
  The hurt no remeid can remove.

The step, 'twas a pleasure to trace,
  Even that has withdrawn from the scene;
And, now, not a breeze can displace
  A leaf from its summit of green

So prostrate and fallen to lie,
  So far from the branch where it hung,
As, in dust and in helplessness, I,
  From the hope to which passion had clung.

Yet, benison bide! where thy choice
  Deems its bliss and its treasure secure,
May the months in thy blessings rejoice,
  While their rise and their wane shall endure!

For me, a poor warrior, in blood
  By thy arrow-shot steep'd, I am prone,
The glow of ambition subdued,
  The weapons of rivalry gone.

Yet, cruel to mock me, the base
  Who scoff at the name of the bard,
To scorn the degree of my race,
  Their toil and their travail, is hard.

Since one, a bold yeoman ne'er drew
  A furrow unstraight or unpaid;
And the other, to righteousness true,
  Hung even the scales of his trade.

And I—ah! they should not compel
To waken the theme of my praise;
I can boast over hundreds, to tell
Of a chief in the conflict of lays.

And now it is over—the heart
That bounded, the hearing that thrill'd,
In the song-fight shall never take part,
And weakness gives warning to yield.

As the discord that raves 'neath the cloud
That is raised by the dash of the spray
When waters are battling aloud,
Bewilderment bears me away.

And to measure the song in its charm,
Or to handle the viol with skill,
Or beauty with carols to warm,
Gone for ever, the power and the will.

No never, no never, ascend
To the mountain-pass glories, shall I,
In the cheer of the chase to unbend;
Enough, it is left but to die.

And yet, shall I go to my rest,
Where the dead of my brothers repair—
To the hall of the bards, not unblest,
That their worthies before me are there?

LACHLAN MACVURICH.

THIS bard, known by his territorial designation of "Strathmassie," lived during nearly eighty years of the last century, and died towards its close. His proper patronymic was Macpherson. He was a favourite tenant of the chief of Cluny, and continued to enjoy the benefit of his lease of a large farm in Badenoch, after the misfortunes of the family, and forfeiture of their estate. He was very intimate with his clansman, James Macpherson, who has identified his own fame so immortally with that of Ossian. Lachlan had the reputation of being his Gaelic tutor, and was certainly his fellow-traveller during the preparation of his work. In the specimens of his poetical talents which are preserved, "Strathmassie" evinces the command of good Gaelic, though there is nothing to indicate his power of being at all serviceable to his namesake in that fabrication of imagery, legends, and sentiments, which, in the opinion of many, constitutes all that we have in the name of Ossian.

THE EXILE OF CLUNY.

The brave chief of Cluny, after lingering long on the heights of Benalder, where he entertained his unfortunate prince during some of the last days of the adventurer's wandering, at length took shipping for France, amidst the tears and regrets of a clan that loved him with the fondest devotion. "Strathmassie" seems to have caught, in the following verses, some characteristic traits of his chief, in whom peaceful dispositions were remarkably blended with the highest courage in warfare.

Oh, many a true Highlander, many a liegeman,
Is blank on the roll of the brave in our land;
And bare as its heath is the dark mountain region,
Of its own and its prince's defenders unmann'd.
The hound's death abhorr'd, some have died by the cord,
And the axe with the best of our blood is defiled,
And e'en to the visions of hope unrestored,
Some have gone from among us, for ever exiled.

He is gone from among us, our chieftain of Cluny;
At the back of the steel, a more valiant ne'er stood;
Our father, our champion, bemoan we, bemoan we!
In battle, the brilliant; in friendship, the good.
When the sea shut him from us, then the cross of our trial
Was hung on the mast and was swung in the wind:
"Woe the worth we have sepulchred!" now is the cry all;
"Save the shade of a memory, is nothing behind."

What symbols may match our brave chief's animation?
When his wrath was awake, 'twas a furnace in glow;
As a surge on the rock struck his bold indignation,
As the breach to the wall was his arm to the foe.
So the tempest comes down, when it lends in its fury
To the frown of its darkness the rattling of hail;
So rushes the land-flood in turmoil and hurry,
So bickers the hill-flame when fed by the gale.

Yet gentle as Peace was the flower of his race,
Rare was shade on his face, as dismay in his heart;
The brawl and the scuffle he deem'd a disgrace,
But the hand to the brand was as ready to start.
Who could grapple with him in firmness of limb
And sureness of sinew? and—for the stout blow—
'Twas the scythe to the swathe in the meadows of death,
Where numbers were levell'd as fast and as low.

Ever loyal to reason, we've seen him appeasing
With a wave of one hand the confusion of strife;
With the other unsheathing his sword, and, unbreathing,
Following on for the right in the havoc of life.
To the wants of the helpless, the wail of the weak,
His hand aye was open, his arm was aye strong;
And under yon sun, not a tongue can bespeak
His word or his deed that was blemish'd with wrong.

JAMES M'LAGGAN.

JAMES M'LAGGAN was the son of a small farmer at Ballechin, in the parish of Logierait, Perthshire, where he was born in 1728. Educated at the University of St Andrews, he received license as a probationer of the Established Church. Through the influence of the Duke of Atholl, he was appointed to the Chapel of Ease, at Amulree, in Perthshire, and subsequently to the chaplainship of the 42d Regiment, his commission to the latter office bearing date the 15th of June 1764. His predecessor in the chaplainship was Dr Adam Ferguson, author of the "History of the Roman Republic," who was also a native of the parish of Logierait.

Than Mr M'Laggan, few could have been better qualified for the duties of chaplain to a Highland regiment. He was intimately conversant with the language, character, and partialities of the Gael, and was possessed of much military ardour, as well as Christian devotedness. He accompanied the regiment to America, and was present in several skirmishes during the War of Independence. Anecdotes are still recounted of the humour and spirit with which he maintained an influence over the minds of his flock; and Stewart, in his "History of the Highlands," has described him as having essentially contributed to form the character of the Highland soldier, then in the novitiate of his loyalty and efficiency in the national service. In 1776, while stationed with his regiment in Glasgow, he had the freedom of the city

conferred on him by the corporation. After discharging the duties of military chaplain during a period of twenty-four years, he was in 1788 presented by the Duke of Atholl to the parish of Blair-Athole, Perthshire. He died in 1805, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

A pious and exemplary clergyman, Mr M'Laggan is still kindly remembered in the scene of his parochial ministrations. An accomplished Gaelic scholar, and with a strong admiration of the poetry of the Gael, he recovered, from the recitation of many aged persons, large portions of the poetry of Ossian, prior to the publication of the collections of Macpherson.* He composed some spirited Gaelic lyrics during the period of his connexion with the army, but the greater portion of his poetry still remains in MS. A collection of Gaelic songs under his editorial superintendence was published anonymously.

Mr M'Laggan was of fair and ruddy complexion, and was under the middle stature. He was fond of humour, and his dispositions were singularly benevolent. In youth, he was remarkable for his skill in athletic exercises. He married a daughter of the Rev. James Stewart, minister of Killin, the originator of the translation of the Scriptures into the Gaelic language. Of a family of four sons and three daughters, one son and two daughters still survive; his eldest son, the Rev. James M'Laggan, D.D., was successively minister of the parishes of Auchtergaven and Kinfauns, in Perthshire, and ultimately Free Church Professor of Divinity in Aberdeen.

* Macpherson afterwards consulted Mr M'Laggan's "Collection of Ossianic Remains" (see report on Ossian, App. 153).

SONG OF THE ROYAL HIGHLAND REGIMENT.

For success, a prayer, with a farewell, bear
To the warriors dear of the muir and the valley—
The lads that convene in their plaiding of green,
With the curtal coat, and the sweeping *eil-e.*
In their belts array'd, where the dark blue blade
Is hung, with the dirk at the side;
When the sword is at large, and uplifted the targe,
Ha! not a foe the boys will abide.

The followers in peril of Ian the Earl,
The race of the wight of hand;
Sink the eyes of the foe, of the friend's mounts the glow,
When the Murdoch's high blood takes command.
With Loudon to lead ye, the wise and the steady,
The daring in fight and the glorious,
Like the lightning ye 'll rush, with the sword's bright flash,
And return to your mountains victorious.

Oh, sons of the Lion! your watch is the wild-lands,
The garb of the Highlands is mingled with blue,
Though the target and bosses are bright in the Highlands,
The axe in your hands might be blunted well, too.
Then forward—and see ye be huntsmen true,
And, as erst the red deer felling,
So fell ye the Gaul, and so strike ye all
The tribes in the backwoods dwelling.

Where ocean is roaring, let top-sails be towering,
And sails to the motion of helm be flying;
Though high as the mountain, or smooth as the fountain,
Or fierce as the boiling floods angrily crying,
Though the tide with a stroke be assailing the rock;
Oh, once let the pibroch's wild signal be heard,
Then the waves will come bending in dimples befriending,
And beckoning the friends of their country on board.
The ocean-tide 's swelling, its fury is quelling,
In salute of thunder proclaiming your due;
And, methinks, that the hum of a welcome is come,
And is warbling the Jorram to you.

When your levy is landed, oh, bright as the pearls
Shall the strangers who welcome you, gladly and greeting
Speak beautiful thoughts; aye, the beautiful girls
From their eyes shall the tears o'er the ruby be meeting,
And encounter ye, praying, from the storm and the slaying,
"From the stranger, the enemy, save us, oh save!
From rapine and plunder, oh tear us asunder,—
Our noble defenders are ever the brave!"

"If the fondest ye of true lovers be,"
So cries each trembling beauty,
"Be bold in the fight, and give transport's delight
To your friends and the fair, by your duty."
"Oh, yes!" shall the beautiful hastily cry;
"Oh, yes!" in a word, shall the valiant reply;
"By our womanly faith we pledge you for both,
For where'er we contract, and where'er we betroth,
We vow with the daring to die!"

Faithful to trust is the lion-like host
  Whom the dawn of their youth doth inure
To hunger's worst ire, and to action's bold fire,
  And to ranging the wastes of the moor.
Accustom'd so well to each enterprise snell,
  Be the chase or the warfare their quarry;
Aye ever they fight the best, for the right
  To the strike of the swords, when they hurry.

GLOSSARY.

Ahin', behind.
Auld-farrant, sagacious, cunning.

Baudrons, a cat.
Beltane, the 1st of May.
Bield, shelter.
Bink, a bank of earth.
Birk, birch.
Blae, blue.
Blaud, a flat piece of anything, to slap.
Blinket, looked kindly.
Bonnie, beautiful.
Burnie, a small rivulet.
Byke, a bee-hive.

Cannily, gently, dexterously.
Cauldrife, coldish.
Chanter, the drone of a bagpipe.
Cleugh, a cliff.
Clutch, seize.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Couthilie, kindly.
Crack, to converse.
Cuiff, a blockhead.

Daffin', diversion.
Dautit, fondled, caressed.
Dighted, wiped.
Doited, very stupid.
Donnart, stupified.
Dow, wither.
Dowie, sad, worn with grief.
Dree, suffer, endure.
Dreich, tedious.
Dunt, a knock.

Eerie, dreading things supernatural.

Fashious, troublesome.
Fause, false.
Ferlies, wonders.
Flate, scolded.
Flow, a small quantity.

Gar, compel.
Gauds, trinkets.
Gawkie, a thoughtless person.
Gif, if.
Gilphie, a half-grown person, a romping lad.
Glaiks, foolish talk.
Gowd, gold.
Gree, agree.
Greet, weep.

Haddin, a farmer's stock.
Haffit-links, a necklace.
Haflins, nearly half, partly.
Haps, outer garments.
Haud, hold.
Hinnied, honied.
Hodden, a coarse kind of cloth.
Hummel, humble.

Kame, comb.
Ken, know.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
Kye, cattle.

Laigh, low.
Leal, loyal, true.
Lear, learning.
Lick, wipe, beat.
Lift, the sky.
Litheless, listless.
Loonie, a little fellow.
Loupin', leaping.
Losh, an exclamation of surprise.
Lowne, warm.

Maen, moan, complain.
Mailin, a tax, a rent.
Maw, to mow, the stomach.
Meikle, much.
Mim, prim.
Mirk, dark.
Muter, multure, ground corn.

Neivefu', a handful.
Newfangled, newfashioned.
Nit, a nut.

Owre, over.

Pow, the head.
Pree, to taste, to kiss.
Puirtith, poverty.

Racket, stretched.

Scaur, to scare, a wound.
Scoured, burnished, ran.
Scunner'd, disgusted.
Shiel, a temporary cottage or hut.
Siccan, such.
Siching, sighing.
Skailt, emptied, scattered.
Souch, the sighing of the wind, the breathing of a tune.
Speer'd, inquired.
Steer, stir.
Syne, then, since.

Tauld, told.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentin', leading.
Tint, lost.
Trantlooms, odds and ends.

Wauken, awaken.
Waukrife, watchful, sleepless.
Waunert, wandered.
Wean, a child.
Wee, little.
Weel-faur'd, well-favoured.
Weir, war, to herd.
Whusslit, whistled.
Wooster-trystes, wool-markets.

Yird, earth, soil.

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